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# CORONET

"INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM"



DECEMBER, 1938

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

IN GREAT BRITAIN 2/6



CORONET  
*for*  
DECEMBER  
1938

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# AN ACT OF TREASON

*AN EARTHQUAKE IS INEVITABLE, HE REASONED,  
BUT THE DISASTER OF WAR IS MADE BY MEN*



**E**VEN before he went to bed that night, Trevor knew that he would not sleep. The worry and strain of the day had frayed his nerves into an electric sensitivity. When he saw that it was almost four o'clock, he shrugged, and getting out of bed, began to dress.

He went downstairs quietly, and let himself out of the house. The damp air of early morning came cool and refreshing to his cheeks, and he breathed deeply as he began to walk. After some minutes he saw, half a mile farther on, the great bulk of the Capitol looming black and mighty against a night sky still touched with stars. By habit he headed toward it.

It was, he realized, the exaltation of his spirit that was making him so energetic—sheer ego, unwilling to give up its mood of gratification for slumber, wanting to savor the aftertaste of triumph.

Remembered events of the day kept flickering through his mind, pictures only partially translated into words—like sections of a cinema newsreel with a commentator's voice . . .

At the morning meeting of the Cabinet with the special joint Com-

mittee of Congress, when he had reported on his talk with Toshada, everyone, even the President, had considered the ultimatum inevitable.

In the face of the aggressive attitude of Senator Cranmer, the spokesman for the "strong-action" group, Trevor's own protest was at first half-hearted, but as he talked his feeling of fatigue and disillusionment gradually gave way to a new courage. "War is never unavoidable. I deny"—he stared straight at Cranmer—"that we can do nothing more to preserve peace. There is always something more that can be done. Let us try again."

They were swayed, all of them, except Cranmer and a few of his followers. The President said, "What do you have in mind, Trevor?"

He hardly knew; but in a kind of intellectual desperation, like a magician who must produce yet another rabbit from an empty hat, he somehow evolved on the spur of the moment a new formula, and rammed it down their throats. If the officers responsible for what had happened at Canton were punished through direct edict of the Emperor—if a suitable apology

and indemnity were forthcoming—if the naval patrols near Philippine waters were withdrawn.

"It seems to me," the President said to Trevor, "that the chances are slim—very slim—that Tokyo will agree to any considerable part of the terms you have suggested. I think Ambassador Toshada's last remarks make that clear. Still, at this stage, I suppose any chance for peace is worth taking."

The subsequent talk with Toshada had made Trevor painfully aware of the fragility of the hope he was pursuing. The imperturbable, distinguished little man whom Trevor rather liked, listened, and shrugged his shoulders.

But at the crucial evening meeting, Toshada's first words made a thrill of intense satisfaction vibrate through Trevor's nervous system. Tokyo had made a virtual concession of almost every point.

Then the talks with the President and several Senators of the Foreign Affairs Committee; the President's surprise and relief—"Man, you've performed a miracle"—Cranmer's vast face wearing a sour smile of congratulation—someone's suggestion of a world peace conference . . .

Looking up, he found himself almost opposite the Department—"his own" building, as he thought of it—and obeying an impulse, he turned to ascend the wide, marble steps illuminated by a line of lights at each side.

When Trevor reached his large dark-paneled private office, he pressed a switch on the inter-office telephone

and said, when a voice replied: "This is Secretary Trevor speaking."

He heard Abbott's rich bass—a sound which always struck Trevor as incongruous, in view of the young man's rather slight physique and fair complexion.

"Abbott speaking, Mr. Trevor."

"I'll be here for an hour or so, if anything comes in."

"Very well, sir. May I"—there was a hint of shyness in the voice—"offer my congratulations?"

Trevor understood and was pleased.

"Thank you," he said simply, and they disconnected. Abbott, Trevor thought, briefly, as he went back to his reading, was a cut above the run of the Department's men; with more sensitivity and understanding than one ordinarily associates with the late twenties.

The buzzer of the inter-office telephone sounded, startling him.

"Yes?" he said.

Abbott's deep voice said, "A long cable has just come in in Code O."

At the words "Code O" Trevor felt his muscles tighten involuntarily. Even without glancing at a certain map on which each great city of the world bore a capital letter, he knew that the message had come from Manila, and that it was of the greatest importance and secrecy; the "capital codes," as they were termed, were reserved for the bombshells of international politics.

He said quietly to Abbott, "I'll come over."

Besides Abbott, a special guard and



two junior clerks were in the code room when Trevor entered. They rose; he nodded courteously, and turned to Abbott, who had a folded cablegram in his hand. At one side of the long office was a massive door with a spring lock. Abbott unlocked it, revealing a second door, this one of steel. Within was a large, ventilated, sound-proof vault, uncarpeted, its only furniture a desk, a few chairs, and a row of safes.

They sat down, and Abbott went concentratedly to work, while Trevor, wishing to give the young man a chance to get started without surveillance, lighted a cigar, and then went about organizing his thoughts.

He knew Governor General Villard at Manila to be level-headed and shrewd, not the sort to make crises out of crumbs. The chances were good that this message referred to some event of the first magnitude.

Abbott was decoding rapidly, with intense interest. Suddenly he looked up, his eyes wide. "This is it, sir, I'm afraid," he said, giving the word "it" a subtle emphasis. Trevor moved his chair so as to read the two lines which Abbott had written in a bold clear hand:

HAVE EYEWITNESS EVIDENCE IN MY  
POSSESSION SUBMARINE ATTACK AND  
SINKING AMERICAN STEAMER AGNES  
CARMODY IN BASHI CHANNEL

A surge of terrifying disappointment kept Trevor silent for a moment. Then, merely to say something, he murmured, "That's to the point."

TWENTYFIRST THIS MONTH THREE PM

"This is the twenty-third in Manila, isn't it?" asked Trevor.

"Yes, sir."

TWO SURVIVORS BADLY HURT ONE

DANISH MATE WALDSEN ONE AMERICAN SEAMAN MCGRAW PICKED UP FLOATING WRECKAGE ABOUT FIVE PM BY CHINESE JUNK ARRIVED APARRI TWENTYSECOND

"Where's Aparri?" Trevor said.

"Aparri is at the north tip of Luzon. The Bashi Channel." Abbott resumed his task.

APARRI MEDICAL OFFICER MOSHER TELEGRAPHED ME INDICATING GRAVE IMPORTANCE THEIR STORY THEY WERE BROUGHT SAN FERNANDO I INTERVIEWED THEM PERSONALLY FOUR HOURS AGO BOTH MEN RELIABLE ADMIT BOAT CARRIED MUNITIONS OUT OF SAN FRANCISCO FOR KWANGCHOW SIGHTED SUBMARINE NO WARNING GIVEN STRUCK IMMEDIATELY AFTERWARD BELOW WATER LINE EXPLOSIONS IN ENGINE ROOM AND HOLD FOLLOWED SHIP SANK IN TWENTY MINUTES CAPTAIN DAVIS AND REST OF CREW NUMBERING EIGHTYFOUR MOSTLY AMERICAN LOST WALDSEN STATES HE OBSERVED SUBMARINE AND DECK OFFICER BEFORE SUBMERGED THROUGH GLASS JAPANESE NATIONALITY

It came to Trevor not as a possibility but as an absolute certainty, that Toshada had known of the *Agnes Carmody* incident at the time of their last talk. He compressed his lips. This

outrageous action, taken probably on the initiative of some firebrand of a submarine commander, must have shocked the Japanese foreign ministry as it had himself. Tokyo, aware of the terrible danger, had made every possible concession to create a friendly atmosphere before the news should come out.

So much for his great diplomatic triumph, he thought bitterly; it had been a mere tactical retreat by Tokyo to a new ground for negotiation. He became aware of his mounting anger, and stopped short his train of thought. This was no time for any personal pique.

UNMISTAKABLE DOCTORS STATE CHANCE OF RECOVERY BOTH SURVIVORS PRESS NOT YET ADVISED AWAITING INSTRUCTIONS BEFORE PUBLICITY OR OFFICIAL COGNIZANCE

This was the end of the message. Trevor relighted his cigar, which had gone out, and said deliberately, "It's five-thirty. I shall take no action until I've spoken with the President."

There was a moment of silent reverie, which Abbott broke by saying, "I suppose this means war, sir?"

"Yes," he said simply. "Barring a miracle, it means war."

"It somehow makes everything seem pretty futile, doesn't it?" Abbott remarked unexpectedly.

Trevor nodded his understanding. "You're right. It is futile; it's ironic; it's bitter. Consciously watching a great—perhaps the greatest—disaster of history shaping itself, and not being



able to do anything to prevent it."

"Still," Abbott commented, more matter-of-factly, "I suppose it had to come sooner or later."

With sudden irritation Trevor shook his head. "You sound like Senator Cranmer; 'we'll have to fight sooner or later, why not now?' That's a point of view I detest. Just because nations have points of conflict doesn't mean that they must fight. We have had serious points of conflict with England a dozen times since 1812, but we haven't fought. And by getting past each successive crisis peacefully, we've finally reached a new relationship, in which we take peaceful settlements of disputes for granted—a gain for

everything that's good in life."

"But there's a limit," said Abbott. "If events have finally got beyond control—"

"Beyond control!" Trevor interrupted with a violence that was foreign to his ordinary speech. "A war isn't an earthquake or a volcanic eruption or a hurricane! They're beyond control, if you please. But wars are man-made. If the events that lead to war seem beyond control, it's merely because human intelligence has failed somewhere. I venture to say there has never been a war crisis in history that couldn't have been prevented if statesmen had had sufficient brain-power, good will, and courage to take the—"

He let the thought die in mid-air, and became lost in the notion that had occurred to him; and a long time went by without words.

When Trevor turned to Abbott again, it was with an appraising look, which Abbott returned with frank curiosity. He was evidently aware of Trevor's excitement; for at the meeting of their eyes, Trevor felt that the spiritual atmosphere of the vault had changed subtly, that a current of thought had begun to pass from his brain to the other's, before a word was spoken.

"Let me explain what I mean," he said, selecting his phrases carefully. "I think I can show you that individuals have more power to affect the destiny of nations than you credit them with."

Abbott made a slight movement in his chair, as if to signify his complete attention.

"Take our own case," said Trevor. "As soon as this dispatch reaches the President and Congress—even before it is made public—war becomes a virtual certainty.

"If the *Agnes Carmody* were to sink, say, two months from now, we probably wouldn't go to war. By that time Japan's concessions of today would probably have created a better feeling. We would have been able to absorb the new shock on our diplomatic cushions."

He extinguished his cigar in the ash tray, and leaned over toward Abbott, talking intently.

"You see that it's just this particular

incident, coming at this particular time, that makes war certain."

"Yes, I see that," Abbott said; his eyes, which were grey, had an absorbed, introspective look.

"Naturally," Trevor went on slowly, "as soon as I, as Secretary of State, have official cognizance of this dispatch, I have no choice but to report it to the President and the Cabinet. Regardless of consequences."

He drew a deep breath. "But let's take a hypothetical case. Suppose that the dispatch which we give to Congress and the nation were relatively innocuous. Suppose my official information were that the *Agnes Carmody* had struck a floating mine, brought into Philippine waters by an irresponsible ocean current. Unfortunate, yes; we would naturally issue a formal request to Tokyo to keep their mines at home; but there would be no war. That is, assuming no contradictory information were forthcoming from Manila, and no one here knew the truth. By the time the true story was made public the crisis would have passed. The world might be at peace a few months from now; millions of lives, and untold misery might be spared the human race." He paused. "You follow?"

"I think so," Abbott answered, still with the same inward look. All at once he seemed to wake up. "Would you say," he asked bluntly, "that you had official cognizance of this cablegram?"

"I would not," Trevor replied

quickly. "Official cognizance begins, for me, when I step out of this room."

"Continuing your hypothetical case," Abbott said, smiling a little, "wouldn't the correct story be bound to come out in Manila?"

"Not for a while," said Trevor. "My reply to Villard would take care of that. I might say, 'Regarding unfortunate loss of *Agnes Carmody* we will take appropriate steps through Ambassador Purroy.'"

He smiled faintly as Abbott began hurriedly to make notes. "Meanwhile strongly recommend isolation of survivors from press pending recovery. Believe also essential in view situation to refrain giving out any information whatsoever your end and to advise all subordinates and medical officers accordingly."

"Villard," he went on, as Abbott scratched away with a pencil, "is an intelligent man. If he received such a reply, he might have certain doubts, but he would, I feel certain, grasp our intention of secrecy and follow our suggestions." An intuitive perception of Abbott's quality of mind made him decide to drop all pretense. "Of course, if we do this thing, we must remember that Waldsen and McGraw or one of the doctors will eventually get a hearing from the press. But by the time their story comes out, the official version will be accepted, and the Canton affair completely liquidated. The acute danger of war will be past. I think we can safely assume that."

"It's a chance worth taking, any-

way." Abbott's voice was decisive.

"So it seems to me. But you must consider the dangers of this act for yourself. When the true dispatch is revealed in time, as it must be, both of us will be in serious trouble."

Abbott said, with a grimace, "Yes, I suppose that's true."

"Conceivably, an attempt may be made to protect me, in order to save the administration from scandal. At worst, I shall leave office in disgrace. But after all, I'm an old man. You are young, and I suppose ambitious; you will have to give up your ambitions. Wherever you go, the taint of suspected treason will be on you."

Abbott nodded. "I'm not particularly anxious for martyrdom. But I can always get on somehow. Besides—" his eyes crinkled as he smiled—"this is a bit of an opportunity, isn't it?"

Trevor's eyes glistened. "Yes. It's a bit of an opportunity."

With the excitement of a sudden idea, Abbott exclaimed, "Look here, sir! There's no need for both of us to be in this. As decoder, I'm responsible for the—mistakes. You could have been misled."

Trevor laid his hand on Abbott's shoulder. "I appreciate your attitude—more than I can tell you. But my boy, I can't ask you to take this on yourself."

"You're not asking me. I'm volunteering," Abbott returned. "Let's say no more about it, Mr. Trevor. I decode the dispatch wrong—a temporary aberration, let us say. You rely

on my record of accuracy in the past, and do not bother to supervise the transcription. Agreed?"

A little time passed before Trevor replied, "As you wish," suddenly weary, thinking, "He's right. I'm too old for heroic gestures. The shock troops of peace, as of war, must be young men. He's in command now."

Without further words, opening the code book, Abbott wrote. After several minutes he handed the new transcription to Trevor, who read it. "That's quite good," he said. "It departs from the true version only where absolutely essential. As for the first transcription, we might touch a match to it."

When only the flaked ashes of the sheet remained in the ash tray, Trevor's heart began to pound; not until then did he really take in the full significance of what had been done. The speed with which his idea had matured into action frightened him a little. "In a matter like this," he thought anxiously, "surely a man ceases to be responsible even to his government, and becomes responsible to the world, to his conscience, to God alone."

He watched Abbott, looking a little pale, now, he thought, return the code book to its compartment, and lock the safe. After he faced about, neither spoke nor moved for a few seconds. Even a hint of sentimentality, Trevor saw, would be resented by Abbott. He said, at last, with as much restraint as he could manage, "Just one more word. I shall not try to

thank you. If my friendship can be of any use to you, it's yours. Meanwhile—I should like to shake hands with you." They shook hands in silence.

The doors of the vault snapped behind them, and Abbott went at once to his desk. Trevor said to him, so the others could hear, "There was really no occasion for the use of the capital code under the circumstances. I shall advise the Governor General accordingly. Meanwhile, please send our dispatch at once, and prepare copies of both for the morning press conference."

When Trevor emerged from the building, he saw that the hard-working, simple people who make the life of early morning, were already active in the streets. "Certainly," he thought, as he walked, "they would approve; they don't want war; left to themselves, they'd never want war."

He found it necessary to assuage a doubt of another kind in his mind. "If I had a son and he died in war, I'd feel no pride, only a great sorrow at the utter waste of it. But if he sacrificed himself for humanity—I'd be proud of him. I'd want him to do that if he had the chance." And he thought further, "He will be happier, I think, this way. Knowing the truth of what he has done, he will always be able to face himself and the world, no matter what happens. But I shall do what I can for him."

Then he said softly, aloud, "And Cranmer, I suppose, would call it treason. But to whom?"

—A. H. Z. CARR

# AN URGENT MATTER

EXTRACTS FROM CORRESPONDENCE, WHEREIN  
ONE THING LOGICALLY LEADS TO ANOTHER



W. T. R. FILMS, PARIS OFFICE

TO MR. JACQUES BRÉMONT

January 5, 1938

Dear Mr. Brémont:

We are not aware as to whether other producers have already thought of basing movies on your books. At any rate we are happy to inform you that there exists at this time, in the United States, and in the entire world, a large market for all subjects associated with France. Several movies originating in your country have had quite a success with us in their original language. Movies produced in an English version have an even greater chance of success. We ask you to inform us which, among your novels, in your opinion would best lend themselves to cinematic interpretation, and to send us several copies of each of these works. Needless to say, the compensation for any work of yours that we accept for screen adaptation will be commensurate with your high reputation. This matter is very urgent.

Truly yours,

G. H. BOTTLE,

Director

JACQUES BRÉMONT TO  
G. H. BOTTLE

January 6, 1938

Dear Sir:

I believe it would be possible to base movie scenarios on several of my novels. What do you think, for instance, of *The Green Sash*, of which I send you two copies by the same mail?

Sincerely yours,

JACQUES BRÉMONT

\* \* \*

TO JACQUES BRÉMONT

January 15, 1938

Dear Mr. Brémont:

We have received your book, *The Green Sash*, but it is naturally impossible for us to make a decision without having seen a synopsis which would indicate how you conceive this in a movie version. Eight or nine pages would be sufficient. We beg you to send it by return mail, since the question of the French cinema is of increasing interest to our experts in Hollywood.

Truly yours,

G. H. BOTTLE,

Director

DECEMBER, 1938

TO G. H. BOTTLE

February 1, 1938

Dear Sir:

I enclose herewith the outline of the film which you requested. I regret having made you wait fifteen days but, contrary to what you seem to believe, it has been a difficult, exacting task which required considerable time. I trust it will suit your requirements.

Sincerely yours,

JACQUES BRÉMONT

★ ★ ★

TO JACQUES BRÉMONT

April 1, 1938

Dear Sir:

I have sent to Hollywood the outline of the movie entitled *The Green Sash*. They have informed me that this scenario could under no circumstances be utilized. These French topics are no longer in demand in our market. Because of the success of *The Invisible Man* and of *Phantoms for Sale*, we are now seeking subjects for the more fantastic type of movie. If you have written any stories of this nature, please send us two copies of each, together with a synopsis. This matter is very urgent.

Truly yours,

G. H. BOTTLE,

Director

★ ★ ★

TO G. H. BOTTLE

April 15, 1938

Dear Sir:

I have once more completed the task that you requested of me. I hope

with all my heart that the scenario which I enclose can be utilized, for it has given me considerable trouble. *Phantoms in the Mirror* seems to me well adapted for the screen. I hope it will please your Hollywood experts.

Sincerely yours,

JACQUES BRÉMONT.

★ ★ ★

TO JACQUES BRÉMONT

July 15, 1938

Dear Sir:

Hollywood writes us, after this long delay, that your story, *Phantoms in the Mirror*, would have been exactly what we desired had it reached us sooner. Unfortunately, during these last few months, we have had too many movies of a fantastic nature. We are now seeking scenarios of a biographical type, lives of sovereigns, statesmen and even celebrated writers. If you have any original ideas along this line, I should be pleased to receive from you synopses of the lives of any French figures (Napoleon and Marie Antoinette excepted) which you consider worthy of being produced in the movies. This is very urgent.

Truly yours,

G. H. BOTTLE,

Director.

★ ★ ★

TO G. H. BOTTLE

July 16, 1938

Dear Mr. Bottle:

Go to the devil. This is very urgent.

JACQUES BRÉMONT

—ANDRÉ MAUROIS

# AFTERMATH OF RENO

HOW MODERN SOCIETY IS MUDDLING THROUGH TO  
A CODE OF ETIQUETTE FOR DIVORCED COUPLES



THE scene is the usual rectangular living room, furnished in a blend of department store, country auction and wedding present tastes. It is a room devised for quiet lamplit evenings, disturbed only by the click of knitting needles and the soft rustle of the sports page by the fire.

In it now stands an angry, white-faced pair. This is the sixth year of their marriage: through ignorance, bad management, or plain cussedness, they have reached the parting of the ways. They face the melancholy job of dividing their possessions before the separation agreement is signed.

"I'll give you the wedding presents sent by your friends and relatives," says the wife, with the frigid *politesse* she might use to a truck driver who had tried to flirt.

"Certainly not," says the man, with cold, precise gallantry. "Wedding presents are addressed to the bride. I should like you to keep them as souvenirs."

"Very handsome of you, I'm sure," sniffs the wife, who looks—temporarily—as if she might cry.

"But," says the ex-husband-to-be,

"all the furniture and silver that are my family's heirlooms will go with me."

"Aren't they also the heirlooms of your children? Do you want your son to grow up with no background?"

"Aunt Agatha's cake-basket will hardly impress a boy of four," says the young man, looking superior.

"If Aunt Agatha were alive today, she would prefer that I have its custody. After all, you were never strong on caring for your possessions."

"Indeed? Who broke Grandmother's Waterford goblet?"

Before the evening is over, the young couple may be haggling over the disposition of the lawnmower. (A husband and wife in Brooklyn recently went to court to decide who should have the rubber plant after the divorce.) Such men and women are not really greedy or ill-tempered, you understand. But the tension that precedes a divorce is not conducive to good manners. And the social mentors have fallen down badly on the job of giving such youngsters rigid rules of polite behavior to which they might cling, during the period when

their tempers wear dangerously thin.

Today every seventh marriage in the United States ends in divorce. This is inevitably a tragedy—but one after which the minor social observances go on. Even those who oppose divorce for any cause find that some of their friends do not. And the strictest dowager today can hardly escape meeting one or more of the social problems which the broken family presents.

What is to guide these couples? Well, the law has made elaborate rulings on most of the matters which concern divorce. We know that a wife may retain possession of household furniture bought with a wedding-present check. (*Ilgenfrantz vs. Ilgenfrantz*, 49 Mo.) We know that a husband may legally demand the return of the engagement ring at the time of the decree. (*Walter vs. Moore*, 198 Ky.) But these are the rulings of the court: they do not necessarily establish a tradition for polite society.

A quarter of a century ago the problems were solved in well-bred circles by the assumption that one member of the family must be heinously to blame. Every divorce predicted a villain and a victim: the villain was no longer invited to decent homes, and even the victim met with arched eyebrows in certain ecclesiastical circles. As late as 1927 Emily Post's classic *Etiquette* said, "The strict rules of etiquette demand that the divorced must meet as total, unspeaking strangers. Because, unless there

was irreparable injury or an antipathy that makes friendliness impossible, there would seem to be insufficient reason for such an upheaval of home and family as divorce."

In contrast to this, consider the dinner given last year by Elsa Maxwell, the international hostess. A prominent young publisher and his second wife were present, as well as the woman who had divorced him. The guests were seated at small tables, and at one of these the two wives were seen chatting without rancor or, apparently, embarrassment. Divorced couples, in New York society, do meet and speak.

Divorce may be, as Voltaire said, "only a few weeks younger in the world than marriage," but divorce-without-scandal is an invention of our times—a new thing in the Christian world. It is particularly an American invention, for this country is the headquarters of divorce. So long ago as 1885, the United States had 23,472 divorces—more than those of all other Christian countries combined, according to tables presented in J. P. Lichtenberger's *Divorce*. Since then our divorce rate has continued to grow, and with a greater acceleration than that of any other country. In 1870 we had a divorce to every 3,553 persons in the country; this figure had increased by 1925, to one divorce per 646 citizens. Here's another comparison: in 1890, there were 3.07 divorced persons per 1,000 over 15 years old; in 1930 there were 12.04 per 1,000.

Society in the '20's found itself with some of its best-loved leaders in the ranks of the divorced. To snub them would be to rob itself of very pleasant company. An attitude of greater tolerance towards the divorced sprang up in the top-loftiest social circles and soon percolated to those immediately below. The original distinction between men and women divorced for proper or improper grounds has been somewhat obscured today: it is charitably assumed that most divorces, regardless of the legal grounds, are based on simple incompatibility, and bring no disgrace.

The cult of respectable divorce among our social leaders was bound to affect the attitude of the men and women who pattern their behavior on café society's. If divorce without animosity was the thing in the smart set, less fortunate women soon found out about it and demanded the same type of discreet, half-friendly decrees.

Few circles are so strict today that they will drop a member for having been divorced—but willingness to overlook a decree does not, by any means, end the social difficulties that divorce entails. I have discussed the problem with social secretaries, prominent hostesses, etiquette writers, and divorce lawyers: they agree that the world needs a code of correct behavior towards the divorced, but that the situation is too new to polite society for strict rules of etiquette to have been formed. Certain practices, however, have become so prevalent that

they will probably appear in the etiquette books of the future. They are based on simple common sense.

There is, for instance, the custom of writing notes to intimate friends, telling them that a divorce is about to occur. Both husbands and wives do this, in order to spare their friends the embarrassment of such blundering invitations as this:

"Will you and Harry come out for the week end of the third?"

"I'm sorry—Harry and I are getting a divorce."

"Oh. Oh. Won't *you* come for the week end of the third?"

If the host and hostess are particular friends of Harry's, the situation is especially difficult for everyone involved.

When writing the notes, the wise husband and wife add a postscript saying, "Please don't take sides!"

The division of friends usually takes place quite naturally. Those who knew the wife before her marriage will want to see more of her: the husband's bachelor friends will cleave to him. Some courageous friends refuse to let either partner drift away from them. This calls for immense aplomb and tact. In a small Southern community, where everyone knows everyone else on the coziest, drop-in-before-breakfast-terms, an estranged couple have driven their friends to their wits' end trying to keep them apart. At least once a week, the ex-husband is hustled out the back door, because the ex-wife has just come in the front.

No couple can fairly demand such skillful manipulation for long: if they cannot bear to meet, one of them should in decency move away.

By the time the news has been broken to their friends, the unhappy couple are in the hands of lawyers and are discussing the question of alimony. No well-bred woman wishes to pauperize her ex-husband for her own benefit, but lawyers will not always concur with her in this high-minded point of view. They are, after all, accustomed to winning the best possible settlement for their clients, and not to worrying greatly about the problems of the other side. A prominent divorce lawyer, who has seen many couples lose their amiability during the attorneys' tug-of-war, recommends that the two shall have agreed to the general terms of the settlement or alimony before they hire counsel. They can then use the lawyers simply to put the arrangement into legal terms.

In the matter of household goods, the law awards to the husband all the furnishings which his money has bought. Very often, however, the immediate plans of the two decide who shall get the divan and who the clock. If the husband is to live in a hotel, and the wife in a house, he will usually allow his wife to take the furniture, rather than sending it to storage "for spite." No matter how injured or innocent a wife may feel, however, delicacy demands that she return family heirlooms to the hus-

band, even when these have come to her as wedding presents, and are her legal property.

After the divorce, the social problems are only beginning. Wives customarily lay aside their wedding rings when the separation occurs: if they have been given the engagement ring to keep after the decree, they shift this to a less significant finger. The divorcee today takes her maiden name instead of her husband's first name: if she was Mary Jones before she married Walter Smith, she becomes Mrs. Jones Smith, leaving the name Mrs. Walter Smith for the woman whom her husband may marry in the future. If she herself re-marries, she takes her new husband's name and becomes Mrs. Howard White.

Children whose mothers have divorced and re-married usually keep their own father's name—a practice which leads to enormous complication. This is one reason why society editors grow prematurely grey in the service of our toploftiest families.

Smart society was the leader in the new liberal attitude towards the divorced: smart society has formed whatever rules exist for smooth living after the marriage has broken up. It has determined that children shall call their step-parents by their first names; that ex-husbands and wives may meet to discuss business in a restaurant, lawyer's office, or in the wife's new home, but never in that of the ex-husband. Whatever rules we have for behavior after divorce have

been cut to the large measure of life in a mansion: we may adapt them to simpler households, or make our own, but it is probable that the etiquette books will accept the practices as café society has established them.

If we have no rules, some of us are going to get involved in such curious, post-divorce disputes as fill the law-books. There is one (*Wardrobe vs. Miller, Cal.*) in which a step-father demanded that the children perform services about the house. The real father sued for the cash value of the children's services. And won!

There is the case in which a separation agreement forced the husband to pay the wife a certain alimony "so long as she remained unmarried." (*Sleicher vs. Sleicher, 251 N. Y.*) She re-married, had a second divorce and sued the first husband for resumption of alimony. The courts ordered him to pay.

In a third case a wife won a divorce in order to marry another man. Later she sued the second husband for damages "to compensate her for the loss she sustained in breaking up her home." (*Seelan vs. Seelan, N. Y.*)

Psychiatrists tell us that when a long record of post-divorce suits appears, we may suspect the litigant of being secretly in love with the former partner in marriage and using this uncomfortable method of keeping his memory green.

Such suits are frowned on by all the Mrs. Grundys of the day. When they concern the custody of children,

they are considered especially deplorable. New Yorkers will not soon forget the pathetic picture of little Gloria Vanderbilt, surrounded by press photographers, on the days when the court permitted her mother to have her for the afternoon after a particularly bitter court dispute.

When no such rancor exists, the parents share the responsibility for the child's social life. In most cases the mother and father both entertain for a grown daughter, carefully omitting invitations to each other.

Some etiquette writers recognize the scandalous circumstance in which the *husband* has won the divorce—leaving the wife, presumably, without a rag of reputation to her name. (Gentlemen are never expected to do this, whatever provocation they may have.) In such a case, all the entertaining for the daughter is done by the father, with his present wife or a woman relative acting as hostess. The mother is expected to send her daughter a present and then to keep out of sight, in the noble manner of a Stella Dallas.

Weddings in which the participants have been divorced are common enough today and they offer no difficult problems of conduct. The bride does not wear tulle or orange blossoms: but she would not if she were a widow, either. Her children may appear, but not as flower-girls or ring-bearers—and this rule applies, too, to children of the groom. No matter how kindly the feelings of bride and groom may be towards their former

partners in marriage, these are not invited to the wedding. Ex-husbands have, however, been known to send presents to the bride.

It is when the *parents* of the bride and groom have been divorced that social mentors planning an elaborate church wedding call for their smelling salts. Before the announcement of the engagement, the complications begin. The young man must win approval of his suit from the bride's father, but also from her mother. If his own parents are divorced, both sets of them must call on the fiancée, or write her notes, welcoming her into the family. The bride's mother alone announces the engagement—she cannot join with her ex-husband for any social occasion, and she must not include her present husband, if the daughter's real father is still living. The girl's father's name must be given to the newspapers—to omit it suggests that he is in disgrace, probably in the penitentiary, for even if he were dead, he would be mentioned as "the late Mr. Doe."

The list of invitations to the church is made up by combining names sent in from all the parents and step-parents. (It is well to choose a church built to cathedral scale.) If the real father is to give the bride away, he calls for her at her mother's home, tactfully waiting outside in his car until she appears.

He drives to the church by a round-about route, so that the mother may leave the house after her daughter, but may still precede her to the church.

After he has given the bride away, he joins his present wife in the third pew on the left of the altar. He may go to the reception and circulate among the guests—skillfully ducking those who have never forgiven him for the divorce. Of course, he and his present wife send the bride a wedding present.

When the wedding is smaller, the complications are apt to increase, rather than to disappear. Having four sets of warring parents in a small apartment, with an altar arranged by the fireplace, is a hideous possibility. The church or the club would offer an impersonal sanctuary to divorced parents on this day.

But the new rules have no traditions to make them binding: they are, frankly, makeshifts, to be abandoned at will. This is enormously inconvenient: whatever the participants in such a wedding do, they will arouse criticism from friends who do not share their particular degree of liberality. The informal rules that have been created are of some help, but they are by no means a solution.

Is there no solution in sight?

Not according to the best social experts in the field. No matter how tactful and considerate the divorced couples may try to be their situation will constantly create problems for their friends and family. Those husbands and wives who wish to avoid embarrassing their relatives have only one course open to them, it seems:

Make a success of your marriage.

—GRETta PALMER

# THE PRESIDENT'S GRUDGE

UNCOVERING THE PERSONAL SPITE BEHIND THE  
FIRING OF THE FOUNDER OF THE RED CROSS



ONE fact about Clara Barton, its founder, is glossed over by the official historians of the American Red Cross. In her old age, after devoting thirty years of her life to the organization, she was dismissed. The powers that be simply fired her.

Organizing a Red Cross Society in the United States was entirely Clara Barton's idea. Under her direction, the Red Cross made itself indispensable to the country in such disasters as the yellow fever epidemic in Florida, the Johnstown flood, the Galveston tidal wave, the Spanish-American War.

She did not consider the Red Cross' work done when the Spanish-American War was over. It took a woman with a heart like Clara Barton's to wonder what would become of the many children who had lost their parents and been made homeless. This thought preyed on her mind until she gathered a number of her most experienced nurses and without any announcement to anyone, sailed for Cuba. They took over the biggest building they could find in Havana, fitted it with beds and a kitchen, and

went out to round up naked, half-wild youngsters.

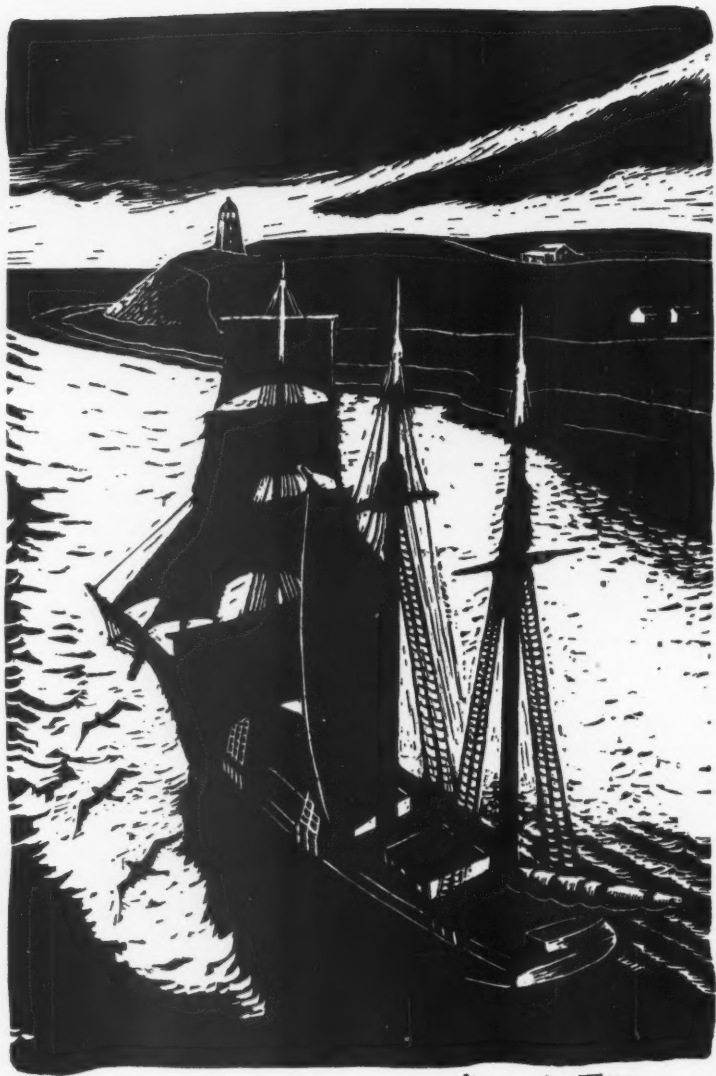
Yet an incident in the Spanish-American War caused Clara Barton to be dismissed ignominiously.

A relief ship loaded with medical necessities, ordered and paid for by the American Red Cross, arrived in Cuba. A detail of men acting under specific orders of an American officer raided the relief ship, and carried off supplies, although the officer had every reason to believe the Red Cross would distribute the shipment fairly.

Miss Barton protested the high-handed act. The officer responsible ignored the protests. Miss Barton carried her complaint to President McKinley, ex-officio head of the American Red Cross. The offending officer was officially reprimanded. He angrily informed Miss Barton he would remember *her* interference.

In 1904 Miss Barton was dismissed as head of the Red Cross. Theodore Roosevelt was President of the United States then. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt was the officer reprimanded by President McKinley at Miss Barton's insistence.

—A. R. KELLER



*George de Munn*

CORONET

## OUTWARD BOUND

Now that our sun has fallen  
    Beyond that seaward strand  
Where twilight's dim horizon  
    Still severs sky and land,  
Quietly out of darkness  
    Deepening toward the west  
Sign after sign is given  
    As landsmen turn to rest.

Flooding the salt, wet beaches,  
    Full runs the tide tonight,  
O lone ship, straining seaward,  
    Our slant spars drip with light:  
Above us and around us,  
    Glittering, cold and clear,  
Where we set sail together  
    With nothing left to fear!

—WILLIAM STEPHENS

# THE FINE ART OF FORGERY

SOME OF OUR VERY BEST SWINDLES BEAR THE  
UNDISPUTED MARK OF LITERARY SCHOLARSHIP



AMONG the more tantalizing references in literature to forgery—most despicable and dangerous of the fine arts—is that of Mr. Sherlock Holmes in the final pages of *The Six Napoleons*. Old inhabitants will recall the circumstances of that episode, which brought about the recovery of the famous Black Pearl of the Borgias. . . .

"Put the pearl in the safe, Watson," said the detective, when it was all over, "and get out the papers in the Conk-Singleton forgery case. Good-bye, Lestrade. If any little problem comes your way I shall be happy, if I can, to give you a hint or two as to its solution."

But that was all we ever heard of the Conk-Singleton forgery case. We know more about Macpherson and William Henry Ireland, more's the pity, than we shall ever know about Conk-Singleton, whoever he may have been and whatever he may have forged. We do not really know whether he was one entity or two. He sounds a bit like a Shakespearean commentator, however. Good old Watson! There are so many cases lost to us forever in

the limbo of his undeveloped notes. Let us be grateful to him for those we have.

But one understands the interest of Sherlock Holmes in those papers kept in his safe. There is a foul fascination in a problem of forgery; and it is to be regretted perhaps that he did not have occasion to look into some of the astonishing impostures that, down the years, have shaken the complacency of the literary world. The field of Shakespearean research alone would have kept him busy for several decades. The field of Biblical research might have driven him mad.

Most sensational of contemporary literary frauds were those revealed in 1934 by the Carter-Pollard disclosures; the echoes of that revelation still reverberate wherever book-collecting is a subject of conversation. For the work of John Carter and Graham Pollard, Holmes could only have expressed his admiration. Their book, *An Enquiry into the Nature of Certain Nineteenth Century Pamphlets*, is one of the great detective stories of the world. In its exciting pages some thirty pamphlets, famous among col-

lectors and sold at fantastic prices as rare first editions, are shown to have been manufactured for the market by—or for—one of the arch-forgers of all time. The list includes, among other items celebrated in literature, alleged first printings of Mrs. Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, part of Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies*, Tennyson's *Morte d'Arthur*, Stevenson's *On the Thermal Influence of Forests*, Dickens' *To be Read at Dusk*, and various minor pieces by Swinburne, Wordsworth, Thackeray, George Eliot, William Morris, and D. G. Rossetti. In addition, some twenty other pamphlets are shown to be open to the gravest suspicion.

Fifty-four pamphlets in all were analyzed, after an investigation involving much time and labor and the most meticulous attention to such details of production as printing types and paper. The researchers' line of inquiry—a minute study of the materials of manufacture—was as new as had been the methods of the ingenious forger before them; and it has produced one of the unique volumes of our day. Unhappily, it has not produced the name of the forger, in just so many words; but it would appear that the authors have their own ideas about that, and readers of the book are left in no doubt as to the object of their suspicion.

"There is as much difference to my eyes between the leaded Bourgeois type of a *Times* article and the slovenly print of an evening halfpenny paper as there could be between your

Negro and your Eskimo," said Mr. Sherlock Holmes, on a famous occasion. "Once when I was very young I confused the Leeds *Mercury* with the *Western Morning News*, but a *Times* leader is entirely distinctive." Messrs. Carter and Pollard may have borne this precept in mind.

But it is to be remembered that these forgeries were enormously skillful. They were produced under the direction of a man obviously well schooled in the science of bibliography; a cultured gentleman and a scholar. Their detection required a patience and a knowledge in all respects the equal of the forger's. Not all literary forgeries are of this stripe. Surely no more impudent imposture ever was practiced than that visited by Vrain Lucas upon the innocent French mathematician, M. Michel Chasles. Vrain-Denis Lucas was the forger's full name; he was a man of small education, but of remarkable audacity and assurance. His victim was one of the leading geometers of his time. For nearly ten years, however, between 1861 and 1870, Lucas wrote letters for celebrities long dead and supplied them, as the genuine article, to M. Chasles for various sums of money. It is asserted that in those years the savant bought more than twenty-seven thousand documents from the gifted pen of Lucas and paid for them at least 150,000 francs.

The letters were—to put it mildly—extraordinary. There were twenty-seven from Shakespeare to assorted

correspondents, and literally hundreds from Rabelais and Pascal; but those were only the lesser pieces of the collection. The real treasures, as displayed by M. Chasles to his friends, included communications from St. Luke and Julius Caesar, from Sappho, Virgil, Plato, Pliny, Alexander the Great, and Pompey. These too were somewhat eclipsed by such unusual items as a letter from Cleopatra to Caesar discussing their son Cesarion, a little note from Lazarus to St. Peter, and a chatty bit of gossip from Mary Magdalene to the King of the Burgundians. All were written in contemporary French, a circumstance which possibly made them more attractive to their purchaser. Certainly it made it easier for him to read them. I believe Lucas was on the point of selling him the original manuscript—in French—of the Sermon on the Mount, or something equally fabulous, when he was unmasked. But to the bitter end the infatuated mathematician defended the authenticity of his treasures.

In the same category as Vrain Lucas is Alexander Howland Smith, known as "Antique Smith," who once flooded the Scottish market with forged manuscripts of Burns; then served twelve months of penal servitude for his misguided ingenuity.

Two classic instances of literary forgery, without which no paper on the subject would be complete, are those of Chatterton and Psalmanaazar; there are various spellings of

this last gentleman's name, and since it was never his own a few *a's* more or less can make no difference. The case of Chatterton was pathetic, and a large literature has been written about it. Sentimentalists speak of him as a "wonderful boy," and find evidence of genius in his poems—and indeed it may be there—but it is probable that the circumstances of his early suicide make him seem to have been more wonderful than actually he was.

The posthumous, unhappy son of an unhappy, impoverished schoolmaster, Thomas Chatterton began his miserable career at about the age of fourteen, with a forgery designed to prove that a certain pewterer of Bristol, one Burgam, was of noble family. This he accomplished with colored inks and some bits of old parchment; and he so delighted the pewterer with the armorial blazon he produced (together with a genealogical table) that he was presented with five shillings. This was in 1766. A little later, as apprentice to a local lawyer, he found time to compose some astonishing documents bearing supposedly on the history of old Bristol, which deceived the antiquarians of that part of England. And thereafter, from time to time, he produced a number of poems, clothed in antique language, which he pretended had been written by Thomas Rowley, a medieval priest; the manuscripts of these, on old parchment, he asserted he had found in an ancient church coffer, long forgotten

in a little room above the chapel. Among those who were for a time deceived by the invention was the great Horace Walpole; but in the end the "wonderful boy" was discredited. He went up to London, attempted the literary life without success, and ultimately—destitute, desperate, and literally starving—drank poison in the miserable chamber that he rented from a Mrs. Angel. He was not quite eighteen years of age.

There can be only sympathy for Thomas Chatterton. Although to the end he persisted in his assertion that he was not the author of the "Rowley" poems, there is no longer any doubt about it. It had been his intention, it is claimed, to come forward proudly when the world was ringing with their praise, and throw off the mask that he had put on only to gain attention; and that is probably true. But Walpole's condemnation put an end to that adventure and threw him back upon himself, with tragic consequences. His gay, brave, lying letters to his mother and sister, sending them little gifts from London when he was without bread himself, are among the most moving documents of literature. In spite of the forgery, Walpole does not emerge too well from the episode; and his subsequent defense of his treatment of the poet—the details of which are not yet clear—does him no particular credit. He thought it likely enough that Chatterton's "ingenuity in counterfeiting styles and, I believe, hands, might

have led him to those more facile imitations of prose, promissory notes." Those are hard words from a man who was himself the author of the famous *Castle of Otranto*, which in the preface is described as having been discovered "in the library of an ancient Catholic family in the north of England, and printed at Naples in black letter in the year 1529."

George Psalmanazaar, so to call him, is still one of the mystery men of letters. His book, *An Historical and Geographical Description of Formosa, an Island Subject to the Emperor of Japan*, appeared in London in the year 1704 and brought him considerable notice. Subsequently he published *A Dialogue between a Japanese and a Formosan*; and at his death in 1763, at the great age of 84, he left behind him a volume of *Memoirs* which may be as apocryphal as the writings that preceded it. If this latter volume is to be believed, however, he was born somewhere in the south of France, about the year 1679, and educated at a Dominican monastery, from which in time he fled, after some breach of discipline, to wander clandestinely over much of Europe. Finding it at once troublesome and hazardous to preserve his incognito as a European, the narrative asserts, he was inspired to the imposture that led him ultimately to publish his fictitious history of Formosa.

It would appear that the Rev. William Innes, who was an army chaplain and a notorious rascal, had

a hand in this development. It was at Innes' instance, at any rate, that Psalmanazaar was baptized and induced to offer himself as a converted Formosan, and by Innes' aid that he was brought to London, where his ingenuity had several ordeals to undergo. For the purposes of his adventure the imposter had actually invented a Formosan language, with grammatical rules to support it and an alphabet of twenty letters.

The illustrations in the volume were remarkable also; these included the altar and gridiron upon which—as the text explained—the hearts of children were burned, to the number of 18,000, in an annual festival; various altars to the sun, moon, and stars; floating villages, funeral processions, and royal garments; and the entire coinage of a realm about which, happily for Psalmanazaar, little was then known. Much of the history and geography in the book was borrowed from other writers; but more of it was pure invention, and the inventions were frequently extraordinary. It may almost be said of Psalmanazaar that he invented a whole new cosmography.

It was an incredible situation, and there must have been moments when the imposter's genius, as well as his memory, was seriously taxed. But for a time he got away with it. A movement was even inaugurated to raise a fund for him; and at the expense of Bishop Compton and other churchmen he spent six months at Oxford, teaching the "Formosan language" to

a group of students intended for the mission field. In the end he was exposed, of course, and became for a time the butt of considerable ridicule; then he retired into obscurity and—presumably—wrote the volume of memoirs that was posthumously published. In his last days Dr. Johnson used to sit and chat with him, in an ale house in Old Street; and in her *Anecdotes* Mrs. Piozzi has recorded that "his pious, patient endurance of a tedious illness, ending in an exemplary death, confirmed the strong impression his merit had made" upon the Doctor's mind. His final contribution to the literature of his day was entitled, humbly enough, "The last will and testament of me, a poor simple and worthless creature, commonly known by the assumed name of George Psalmanazaar." It confessed his forgery—"that vile imposition"—and asked God's pardon and the world's for writing it. The world's verdict, at least, has not been harsh.

The great Doctor's opinion of another impostor was less charitable. There is a large literature about Macpherson and the Ossianic impostures; and no part of it is more entertaining than the Doctor's views on the subject of James Macpherson.

It was in 1761—two years before the exemplary death of Psalmanazaar—that an epic poem called *Fingal* was published, to bring about a more violent controversy than even the Formosan fictions had inaugurated. The poem was followed by others, all

purporting to have been translated out of the original Gaelic of the ancient poet Ossian, by one James Macpherson. Suspicion followed hard on the heels of publication, and by many the poems were branded as a palpable and impudent forgery. Macpherson, meanwhile, a consequential egotist, raged and bullied his critics, and in general did much to confirm the skepticism by refusing to produce his originals. He never did produce them, in point of fact; and the controversy continued sporadically throughout the rest of the 18th century and well into the 19th, with exceptional bitterness. Probably the matter never will be settled to everybody's satisfaction; but the weight of opinion today—as in his own day—is against Macpherson, although it is admitted that he may have chanced upon a few genuine fragments and built them up into the imposing edifice he presented to the public.

Johnson, who never minced words when he had words to utter, openly charged Macpherson with imposture, and immediately received a challenge from the belligerent poet. But the duel was never fought. The Doctor simply purchased a thick oak stick for emergencies and replied to the invitation in a letter that is still quoted:

“Mr. James Macpherson:

I received your foolish and impudent note. Whatever insult is offered me I will do my best to repel, and what I cannot do for myself the law will do for me. I will not desist from

detecting what I think a cheat from any fear of the menaces of a Ruffian.

“You want me to retract. What shall I retract? I thought your book an imposture from the beginning. I think it upon yet surer reasons an imposture still. For this reason I gave the publick my reasons which I dare you to refute.

“But however I may despise you, I reverence truth, and if you can prove the genuineness of the work I will confess it. Your rage I defy, your abilities since your Homer are not so formidable, and what I have heard of your morals disposes me to pay regard, not to what you shall say, but what you can prove.

“You may print this if you will.

SAM: JOHNSON.”

This, said Johnson, in a letter to Boswell, “put an end to our correspondence,” an understandable development perhaps.

The element of piety is not to be neglected; it is seen at its best in some of the earliest literary forgeries of record: deliberate frauds in the interest of church, sect, or dogma. The apocryphal Books, Gospels, Acts, Apocalypses, and Epistles of the *New Testament* are an imposing and important body of literature; and in the last analysis they are forgeries. It is not possible to speak of them at length: whole libraries have been written about them. But one, at least, of the Epistles should be quoted. Lay readers of scripture who may come upon it now for the first time will re-

gret the necessity that consigned its lovely lines to the limbo of false witness. The quoted passage is asserted to be a translation of part of an ancient manuscript—a letter—sent by Publius Lentulus, Proconsul of Jerusalem, to the Roman Senate, in the days when Christ first walked upon the earth:

"There hath appeared in these times, and still is, a man of great power named Jesus Christ, who is called by the Gentiles (*peoples*) the prophet of truth, whom his disciples call the Son of God: raising the dead and healing diseases, a man in stature middling tall, and comely, having a reverend countenance, which they that look upon may love and fear; having hair of the hue of an unripe hazel-nut and smooth almost down to his ears, but from the ears in curling locks somewhat darker and more shining, waving over his shoulders; having a parting at the middle of the head according to the fashion of the Nazareans; a brow smooth and very calm, with a face without wrinkle or any blemish, which a moderate color (*red*) makes beautiful; with the nose and mouth no fault at all can be found; having a full beard of the color of his hair, not long, but a little forked at the chin; having an expression simple and mature, the eyes grey, glancing, and clear; in rebuke terrible, in admonition kind and lovable, cheerful yet keeping gravity; sometimes he hath wept, but never laughed; in stature of body tall and straight, with

hands and arms fair to look upon; in talk grave, reserved, and modest (so that he was rightly called by the prophet) fairer than the children of men."

There are several extant texts, all varying considerably, but all obviously based on traditional portraits. "No doubt," says Dr. M. R. James, "it was written in the presence of one."

But the list of forgeries is endless. Only a great classical scholar is competent to write the intricate history of literary imposture among the ancients. It would appear that many of the famous names of antiquity at one time and another have been clouded. Homer has been called a woman, a syndicate, and an anthology. Is the *Anabasis* the work of Xenophon or of Themistogenes? The historicity of Jesus depends in some degree upon a line in Josephus; but the line has been called a forged interpolation. And who wrote *Aesop's Fables*?

To detect forged manuscripts, forged books, forged chapters and interpolations in the great works of the past is one of the tasks of scholarship; and the history of that research is one of the great detective stories of our time. Perhaps everything is suspect. One thing at any rate is clear. The practice of forgery in literature is almost as old as literature itself. Possibly they were an hour apart. Hard on the heels of creation came imitation and then falsification. And every Shakespeare has had his Jim the Penman.

—VINCENT STARRETT

# THEY NEVER EXISTED

FIFTY FIGMENTS OF THE IMAGINATION—  
SEE IF YOU CAN CONJURE UP THEIR NAMES



HERE is a quiz on famous persons who never really lived. Each of the following fifty questions, if an-

swered correctly, counts two points. A score of 70 is fair, 80 is good, and 90 is excellent. Answers on page 115.

1. What kindly, bewhiskered man brings gifts to good little boys and girls at Yuletide?
2. Name the gentleman whose cold breath leaves icy designs on the window-panes.
3. What wooden dummy appears on stage, screen and radio?
4. What denizen of the sea possesses a famous locker?
5. What female figure personifies the French Republic?
6. Which ferocious person enjoys frightening naughty little children?
7. Who among seven dwarfs is the most disgruntled of them all?
8. In times of trouble, for which comrade do circus and carnival people call for help?
9. What individual, overanxious to lend assistance, usually proves to be more of a hindrance than an aid?
10. Which lady, wooed by many, is supposed to bring good fortune only to the few she smiles upon?
11. Mention the name for any auctioneer who conducts a spurious sale.
12. What mysterious visitor ministers to sleepy children?
13. Who is the comical little fellow that burlesques the average citizen?
14. Which titled lady is famed for her goodness and generosity?
15. Who is the unknown defendant in law suits?
16. By what name is any hard task-master known?
17. Which sailor-man loves his spinach?
18. State the name of that ageless old man with a scythe.
19. Who is the tiny, winged archer—famed as an efficient, cardiac marksman?
20. What rotund, jolly old gentleman personifies England?
21. Mention the name of the individual who chronically manifests an artificial form of happiness.

22. To which Hibernian are persons frequently told to "tell it to?"
23. Whom do a few people rob in order to pay Paul?
24. Give the name of the anonymous woman in popular court-room trials.
25. What person is extremely timid?
26. Who typifies a female ignoramus?
27. Which widely-known traveler ventured among giant and puny folk?
28. What mythical fellow is constantly "sending" people?
29. Who is known as a teacher of crime and receiver of stolen goods?
30. Name the half-ludicrous, half-serious man who personifies Liquor.
31. Who is emblematic of all women lawyers?
32. Which bespectacled gentleman, in knee breeches, glorifies New York City?
33. What long-nosed wooden clown stars in puppet shows?
34. Whose name "led all the rest" in the angel's book of gold?
35. Who is known as an inquisitive meddler?
36. Name the two Irishmen, known familiarly by their given names, the subjects of funny stories.
37. Among sailors what individual is called an extreme liar?
38. What poor but honest man outwitted forty thieves?
39. Which romantic young man figured prominently in a balcony scene?
40. Who is noted as a lunar resident?
41. What sailor typifies his calling?
42. Which relative makes loans to temporarily financially embarrassed "nephews?"
43. Whose name, which when translated literally means "Catherine, my darling," is celebrated in Irish song?
44. Which aged, bleak fellow leaves a cold wave in his wake?
45. Who is the man of great wealth whose second name is slang for money?
46. State the name for any dwarfed person.
47. What given names identify any three random persons?
48. Name the handsome, regal figure, the answer to a maiden's dream.
49. Who is the maternal personification of all growing things, with whom lovers of the outdoors commune?
50. What henpecked husband slept for twenty years after accepting a drink from a flagon? —A. I. GREEN

## THE WISH

An angel appeared before him whose life had been devoted to the sick of heart. "I have come to reward your great compassion, good man," said the angel. "Mine is the power

to bestow happiness. Name your wish and it shall be granted."

The kindly man thought a moment. "I wish I were you," he said at last. —HOWARD BLAKE

# GIRL IN TIME LOST

HE HELD THE MEMORY IN THE DEPTH OF HIS  
HEART, BUT SHE HAD NO PLACE TO KEEP IT



IN THOSE days I used to meet Margery in the spring evenings near the Park Hall. I stood in the shadows there against the west wall of the large old building, secure in the growing darkness, eyes on the lemon haze of streetlights hanging against the after-glow: garnet and saffron and opal beneath the deep blue of the night sky drawing down: and I waited—waited while all the small subterfuges were gone through and she could come. In those days it was Norma who got her out of the house, where her mother sat as if guarding Margery's life itself, determined she must not see me; Norma who went over with her great, artless eyes, soft and trusting; Norma who asked, "Can Margery come over to my house a while?" and bore her off, triumph concealed behind her smile. Often as I stood there waiting, I heard them coming, their thin girl-voices stifling laughter; I heard them part, and I waited eagerly, impatiently, a beautiful warmth and peace flowering deep inside me.

So she came, always in that way in those days, and each night when she

walked quickly across the road beneath the yellow streetlight, walked into the shadow of the trees, it was she who brought the spring: soft air sweet with lilacs, the fragrance of night itself, the feel of wind in May, the early stars coming into the sky; it was she who carried these things with her, for she was all of them, she was the spring itself, and when I put my arms around her and kissed her, touched the soft, shy lips with mine, I held the spring itself, the beautiful flowering earth, the air, the symbol of growing things; and we went on the wind, walking above the earth, still speaking in hushed voices as if at any time we might be discovered there; we walked from the park to the darkest streets, to where the old maples and elms arboresced the sidewalk and held the glow of the streetlights away. And we clung to each other, as if each night were all, each dark last, and next day an end to everything, as if the day coming would be unlike the day gone: notes passed in school, shy glances, the sly conspiracy behind Norma's demure face.

We carried on in those days as if

we had known an end must come.

## II

But when an end began to come, we were not aware of it; we were faintly angered, but angered as if by something we might escape in the course of another day. It began this way: Margery's cousin Helen took to coming along with Margery, and Margery could not put her off. We two, Margery and I, were too concerned with ourselves to know why she came, too much enclosed in the shell of this first bitter-sweet love to see how all day long in school Helen looked shyly at Robin, who often went with me, how she went with us now hoping to meet Robin. Of this we were not at first aware, and Margery translated her restrained anger into suspicion and jealousy, interpreting even the way in which I teased Helen as affection. So the first cloud grew between us, grew and held until one night we met Robin, Robin with his sly eyes and shy mouth, and he went along.

So it began: neither of us liking Helen, Margery not liking Robin, both of us wanting passionately to be alone. And we were not aware of how their being along wore at us, how insidiously it struck at the fragile roots of this first love. Where we went, they went; and we stayed away from all the dark places we had found, we held less to each other, we went rigidly before them and at no place put arms around each other, nowhere kissed, nowhere sat looking wordlessly into

each other's eyes, at no place could we free the wild loneliness, the desperate longing that held us all day. If we turned corners, so did they; if we walked to Upper Sac Prairie, so did they. And presently we began to wear down; Margery said I must put Robin off, and I said she must put Helen off.

But then I was conscious of something more, something I had not even dreamed before, and I saw it now in the careless way in which Robin treated Helen, saw it in the dogged way he followed Margery and me; for Helen, once Robin had joined her, wanted to be free of us as we wanted to be free of them; and at almost the same time Margery sensed it: he was jealous.

"He's not jealous of you," she said, "he's jealous of me."

"Oh, no!" I said, but I knew it, too; I understood how he looked at her, how he said things about her when she wasn't with us. "You don't like him," I said.

"I hate him," she answered. "I hate the way he talks and the way he acts. I hate the way he looks at me—like a—a girl."

So one night I stopped and waited for him to catch up with us; and I said to him that he must go somewhere else, not follow us. He only smiled; he followed as always. So I went back and hit him, I hit him hard; I hit him again and another time, but he didn't fight back. Helen screamed at me, but he said nothing, he said nothing at

all, he only stood there and looked at me, and he kept on smiling. I couldn't fight like that; so I let him alone. And he kept on following us.

It became harder and harder to meet Margery and presently the only safe time to see her was on Saturday afternoons when I went before her over the river to the hills. There we could walk with the wind once more, there we could sit holding each other close, looking at each other as if to become forever one and never part again.

Then Helen found out about that, too, and Robin learned, and they were there. The slow wearing away began anew, the frustrate anger grew again, bitterness and futility and fierce tearing longing to be alone, away from the maliciousness of Helen and Robin following, away from the soft fawn eyes watching, away from the sly indolent smile. And the distance between us grew, with the insolence of Robin between, the strong weakness of him standing there, Margery hating him, knowing my own inability to stop him.

That was the way it happened between us; and the end came before we had known it. Margery broke, yielded to her parents, went with someone they chose; she grew less gentle, more mature; she cut her hair, and painted her fair skin, and inevitably, the end came, the early years were done, first love retreated into the deep place of the heart where only the ghost of its beauty stirred and rose tremulously

with each clue to remembrance come upon in after time.

### III

The years went by, and I wrote; I put down the way it had been and took it one day to Norma, leaving it with her so that she might read it; and got it back later on and put it away. The years passed; Margery married, had children; Norma went away to teach; Helen married, and Robin, too. And I still wrote as I write now.

Once in a while I meet Margery downtown with her oldest son; he is six or seven now, but he might be twenty or thirty for all the years gone. On those days she comes to town to see her parents; I meet her sometimes, and I look at her from a great distance, thinking of time past, time lost, time gone. And something shakes inside me when she narrows her eyes and says of her young sister that she goes out too much, that she needs to be attended to, speaking as her parents would speak of the girl who is now as once she was.

Since those early years so many things have happened, but none so great as this change in her, this repetition of her parents' pattern; yet, somewhere in her there must still be a specter of that earlier Margery, somewhere still the shy young girl with the braided hair and the deep blue eyes, somewhere yet the wild loneliness that held us together in those first years, wing-clipped now and caged, but still there. I see her and forget her,

but never forget the way she was in those early years. Never forget the way we were together, the long waiting at the Park Hall while the lemon streetlights swayed gently in the May night against the fading afterglow.

Sometimes I see Norma, she is still the same: dark, artless eyes, warm friendship. Seeing her one night during a vacation not long ago, I thought of all this, and I asked, "Do you remember, Norma?" She said, "Did I ever tell you about that story you left here for me to read, Steve? Margery came over that night—she was just engaged then, you know. She found it, read it.

I wish I could tell you how she looked when she put it down.

"Yes, that's the way it was!" she said. She began to cry, and she went out of here right after, still crying, and I saw her walking the street an hour after."

That was the way it happened; I put it down and kept it there as well as in the secret places, but she had no place to hold it, no place to keep those early years. I think of this sometimes when I see her now, but say nothing; something there is that prevents our speaking of those early years, something tacit, understood. All time stands between us now: time lost, time past, time gone: and I wonder, when I pause to speak to her on Main Street, into what pocket of time she put the girl I loved.

—AUGUST DERLETH

## SCOOP

MR. HERMAN FILLINGER, I believe?"

"Yep, that's right."

"I want to interview you for our paper; I'm sure you've got something of interest to tell our readers—something of *unusual* interest. I understand you hold a ticket for the \$25,000,000 Grand Imperial Sweepstakes."

"Yes, that's right."

"Do you work?"

"Well, off and on. I make about thirty dollars a month shoveling snow. I've got a wife and seven kids to support."

"I see. I suppose you've always bought sweepstake tickets?"

"Sure. I figured sooner or later I

was bound to turn up with a winning ticket."

"Never lost faith, eh?"

"No sir. Not me."

"A hundred and fifty thousand dollars! A fellow can do an awful lot with that, can't he?"

"Sure. Build a nice house in the country. Buy clothes for the wife and kids—maybe take them around the world."

"Very good, Mr. Fillinger, and now this is the question I want you to answer for our readers: How did you feel—I mean what did you think—what were your first sensations when you looked at the paper, and discovered your ticket was worthless as usual?"

—PARKE CUMMINGS

## THAT WIDE CHASM

*REALISTIC EXAMINATION OF THE BARRIER OF  
IDEAS THAT SEPARATES US FROM OTHER LANDS*



SOONER or later the time must come when the youth of our land will encounter the youth of other lands. This is more likely to occur when both are grown men and women and meet over here or in Europe.

The contact may be social or commercial, or professional, but no matter what may bring it about there will be something strange that divides one from the other. A slight social chafing, a little sandpapery rub will be evident. And it is best that our young people should know now why they are almost certain to encounter an unpleasant friction in their contacts with those from foreign lands. Understanding may help overcome some of the difficulties.

Education and environment here and abroad are so different. Young people are so impressionable, their minds so pliable, that words spoken to them at a tender age become ideas and these ideas are lodged deeply in their minds and take on great conviction and resemble a kind of faith and a truth more real than fact. In short, the great difference lies in the things we are taught and the things they are

taught, both in school and elsewhere.

And can things alone make such a difference? Yes, for the little things, almost harmless in themselves, become symbols for beliefs and philosophies that are opposed to everything we really believe is honest and true.

What does an Italian youth really think and believe? From infancy he is given a sense of military importance. The glory of his land and people are bound up with a uniform and a gun. When he reaches the age of six he is ready to join the Sons of the Wolf. Here the activities cannot be compared with the activities of our Boy Scouts. Most of the Italian training is in marching and regimental maneuvers.

Between the ages of eight to thirteen the Italian youth joins the Balilla who carry real rifles. Then they are advanced to the class of Avanguardista. When the youth has reached seventeen and up to twenty-one, he may practice marksmanship in the ranks of the Young Fascists.

At twenty-one every youth in Italy is called to the colors for a full year's military training. From the age of six

to twenty-one he has been training and now after a full year's maneuvers with officers of the regular army he is declared a full-fledged Fascist. His name is then enrolled in the national militia and he is free to return to civil life.

Civil life! What kind of civil life is possible after fifteen or sixteen years of army drill? And with the army drill goes army discipline, army ideas of glory and national grandeur. Army history tells of beautiful victories and army philosophy is a poison that is poured daily into young ears.

When he is twenty-one the Italian youth fully believes that might makes right and that because the Roman Empire once extended over all of Europe, that Empire is again the goal for all loyal Italians. Many of these young people feel passionately that Ethiopia is rightfully theirs and that the whole escapade was noble and "good sport."

At the same time Italy suffers badly from lack of food and natural resources. The youth grows up in a land where the struggle for existence is hard, wages low, poverty ever present, competition keen. The land is rugged and bare. Superstition and ignorance are also on hand but after sixteen years of youthful marching in a uniform the young Italian brushes all this aside. He believes that everything in his land is quite O.K. and he despises other lands that are not like his.

The youth movements in Germany

and Russia are not unlike the organizations of Italy. With passionate fervor they believe that Americans are stupid and ugly. This and more. They believe that we are quite savage and therefore in America nobody is safe because of the great number of murders reported. The newspapers of Europe take special delight in bringing out the ugly facts of our life and these they magnify and distort. Not even England is entirely free from this distortion. The London press delights in showing up our evil traits. But what we know is absolute distortion the youth of Europe believe as absolute fact.

All this accounts for that chasm that lies between the young people of our land and those of other lands. It is best that our youth learn now that the extreme differences in education and environment are the real cause of the friction that is bound to arise when they meet face to face. Remember that the Italian lad had sixteen years of drilling, and all the other things already mentioned that go with drilling, and then we know and understand the condition of his mind and why he passionately believes such wild ideas.

Can this chasm ever be bridged?

Perhaps some day the youth of many lands will get together. At any rate it is wise for us to know how the European national product is manufactured and why we think, feel and behave so differently.

—MANUEL KOMROFF

## THE BEDLAM BUSINESS

SMITH, THE JOKER'S CHUM, WARRANTS: "PLENTY OF FUN ALL AROUND," WITH HIS CUTE GADGETS



AT THE turn of the century, the practical joke equipment field in America was pretty well unexploited. If you wanted to fool a friend you could place a bucket of water over the door in such a manner that it would fall on him when he entered; you could stretch a wire tautly a few inches above the floor for him to trip over; you could dig a pit in the ground and camouflage it with sticks and dirt and lead him over it; you could "pie" his bed, put horsehair and eraser-shavings in his pipe tobacco, sew up the cuffs of his pajamas, pull his chair from under him when he sat down; or, if you wanted to be devastatingly witty, you could simply soak him in benzine and touch a match to him. In short, the pre-War practical joker had to use his own ingenuity and what household paraphernalia he could adapt to his purposes.

Today the man who feels compelled to put his jokes in practice has at his disposal an imposing arsenal of exploding cigars, stink bombs, itching powder, and devices of such a lethal nature that we might use them to

good advantage in this war we are headed for.

Conservative estimates indicate that if all the practical jokers in America were laid end-to-end and cemented solidly together in a coast-to-coast highway, the remainder of the populace would be much more at ease; neurosis, suicide and murder would be less prevalent; and not a few companies would either go out of business or be forced to convert their plants into abattoirs, which might not be a bad idea anyhow.

In such a Utopian eventuality the American companies that would suffer would be distributing rather than manufacturing ones, for the vast majority of these modern instruments of torture are manufactured in Japan and Germany and Czechoslovakia, and imported by astute jobbers who keep in touch with trends in human nature. Many are manufactured abroad to meet American specifications, and find their only market in this country. The anti-Fascist boycott seems to have affected the field but little; but then, it has been noted by sociologists that Fascists and practical

jokers have quite a lot in common.

The side-splitting scourges enjoy a nation-wide distribution, by one means and another. Jobbers send their salesmen scurrying about the land, stocking at least one store in most towns with a line of the objects. But small stores can't carry a complete stock, and the thorough-going practical joker won't be satisfied with their wares. Nor will he be content with the assortments offered by Sears, Roebuck and Montgomery Ward. If he finds himself in New York City, he can probably fill his needs at B. Shackman & Co., but he will be diverted from his mission by the myriad paper hats and tin horns and such "novelties" that clutter this store. The practical joker's disinclination to display his vice openly probably accounts for the failure of the public store to catch his entire trade.

It must be conceded that in this specialized industry the firm of Johnson Smith & Company, of Detroit, Michigan, is supreme. It is the country's largest single purveyor of the mechanical accoutrements of the prankster, and there can be no doubt of the veracity of its printed claim to being the "Only Concern of its Kind in America." If you have never been taken in by at least one of the items they distribute, you haven't been around much; if you have never sent for their catalog, you either grew up before 1921, and attained, with your majority, a sedateness inimical to such gewgaws, or you were one of those

called "model" by their elders and "Sissy" by their contemporaries.

Mankind may be roughly divided into two classes: those who play practical jokes, and those on whom they are played. Those of the latter category would do well to invest a dime in Johnson Smith & Company's latest catalog, and be forewarned of the perils they face from the opposition, who are numberless as the sands, who are found in all walks of life, in city and suburb and country, and who slither up on one quietly, armed with all manner of ingeniously disguised weapons.

The new Catalog No. 147 is bigger and better than ever. There is a limit to the number of jokes one can apply to one's fellowman without totally eradicating him, and this limit has been fully and richly attained in the latest compendium. But while the variety of mirth-provoking merchandise seems to have reached a saturation point, the demand for them increases annually. Johnson Smith & Company gets an average of five thousand individual orders a day, and every day over seventy-five mailbags full of packages leave the plant. There are fewer orders in the summer than in the winter, probably because winter evenings are notoriously long. Just as many orders come in from New York City and Chicago and Boston and San Francisco as from the hinterlands, and as nearly as they can determine, the greater proportion of their clientele is located in the East.

The Auto Scare Bomb was introduced in 1932 under the name of Aut-O-Bum, and it's still selling better than any other item. It's yours for only fifteen cents, but may be shipped by express only.

"Fasten the AUTO SCARE BOMB under the hood of your friend's car," the catalog instructs, "attaching the long wire to a spark plug with a good connection, and the short wire to a clean ground. Fasten the hood down in place and get your friend to start his car. With the first few whirls of the starter the AUTO SCARE BOMB will begin action with a loud BANG. A shrieking whistle now runs for several seconds followed by another big BANG. Meanwhile a dense cloud of white and black smoke envelopes the car."

If your friend doesn't own a car, there are numerous other exploding devices with which you may regale him. Exploding cigars and cigarettes remain first in popularity, but the BANG principle of humor has also been applied to pencils, fountain pens, wallets, playing cards, books, corks, match boxes, cigarette containers, and, for the ladies, jewel cases. With the Bingo Shooting Device, which has been reduced from fifteen to ten cents, you can make practically anything go off with a BANG; and Bingo Bombs, at fifteen cents the box of ten, are a bargain for those who fancy a plain, unadulterated BANG. With Repeal came the introduction of the Exploding Whiskey Bottle, "a great joke that fits in with the times." By alternating

it with the Snake Whiskey Bottle, which emits a wriggling reptile when the cork is pulled, "you can vary the fun and have no limit of entertainment." Exploding jokes must be sent by express, and so must sneezing powder (finely-ground pepper), itching powder (pulverized horsehair), and Anarchist (Stink) Bombs (hydrogen sulphide).

For the joker who feels that splitting his friend's eardrums is not nearly so ludicrous as surprising him with a jet of liquid in the eyes, there are the squirting devices. In this group, the old-fashioned squirt bouquet is most in demand, but variety-seekers will doubtless be impressed by the squirt doorbell, ring, pencil, pipe and camera. For a more thorough drenching, the Waterspout Joke may be recommended. The catalog describes it in these words:

"A novel little contrivance that is sure to cause discomfiture for some one. It is readily attached to the inside of any tap, and as soon as the water is turned on, the victim gets a very great surprise indeed, as the water splashes all over him. It is well made, has brass screw, and can be attached or detached in a moment."

The Waterspout Joke, because it only squirts water, is limited in its appeal; the other squirt devices may be rendered more effective by filling them with perfume, ink, or any noxious substance that strikes you as comical. It would be ill-advised to expect any of the above-named ob-

jects invariably to bang or squirt; any one of them might vibrate, or collapse, or make you sneeze or itch, or cover you with soot, or prove to be counterfeit, or pop open and shoot a mouse or a snake at you.

If you find a quiet leer more satisfying than a good belly-laugh, you'll have no sales-resistance against Hot Lips, of which the catalog exclaims: "Here's a real trouble maker! When these soft rubber 'lips' are pressed against the victim's cheek they leave a mark like a rouged kiss. Unaware of it, the victim will be the butt of many jokes and laughs." For a similar sort of "Laugh on the Girls," try the Merry Widow Hanky, of which it is said:

"IT'S CERTAINLY

THE CAT'S PAJAMAS—

"The girls get curious about the ruffles on the handkerchief showing from your pocket. They think you have other loves, but when they investigate the hanky. Ah! It is not a handkerchief at all but something else indeed! It is, as a matter of fact, a perfect, though miniature model of the most necessary lingerie garment worn by the ladies that, when folded up and worn in the pocket, has all the appearance of a gentleman's handkerchief."

Scattered throughout the opus are still more ribald items; in most cases one must grant the compilers that they are "better imagined than described." But Johnson Smith & Company are no slouches at painting vivid word-pic-

tures of their oddments, and they let themselves go when it comes to showing how completely the joker's friends may be frustrated at mealtimes:

"DRIBBLE GLASS—

"This looks like an ordinary cut glass tumbler with a grape design. The leaves are cut all the way through the glass and make small holes through which the contents will flow when the glass is tipped. No matter how a person drinks out of the Dribble Glass, they will get the contents in a small stream down their chin or shirt front. Great amusement may be had by serving these glasses to several persons in a party—they'll all 'slobber' and each will be wondering why they all do the same."

"MOUSE IN BREAD ROLL—

"It is an excellent imitation of a bread roll, with nothing special about it to lead anyone to suspect a trick; but, when the victim takes hold of it, a tiny mouse jumps out. The ladies scream! Plenty of fun all around."

The festive board may be further enlivened by the Surprise Salt Shaker, which, when shaken, emits a "horrible insect"; the Collapsible Liquor Goblet, whose contents upset when the guest attempts to lift it; and the Snake and Jam Jars out of which reptiles "leap fifteen feet into the air." But these are luxury items, ranging in price from thirty-five cents for the self-descriptive Bending Soup Spoon, to a dollar for the Surprise Salt Shaker. If the recession has forced you to budget your fun, you will have

to be content with serving soap biscuits, cheese, eggs, and pickles; rubber hot-dogs, pretzels, bananas, nuts and chocolates, and imitation ice cream and lady-fingers. There are even rubber bones, for fooling your dog. These are all very inexpensive indeed, and, excepting the soap items, may be used until your victims' teeth have worn off their realistic finish. For the after-dinner coffee, there is a melting spoon at twenty cents, and floating sugar at twenty-five cents the package, three for sixty-five, or twelve for two dollars and a quarter. The more fun, the cheaper.

Many of the items, such as the Surprise Soap, which dyes the hands and face green when used, can best be applied in the joker's own home or boarding house. The humorist's closet will be equipped with Collapsible Coat Hangers, Rubber Wardrobe Hooks, and Rubber Nails; his chairs will emit cat-calls when sat on; and the guest-room dressing-table will hold a toothless comb, which looks like the real thing, and a clothesbrush which cries *Cuckoo!* when used. To entertain the housewife, there is a device for making a mirror appear to be shattered; there are Bogus Screws and Nails, to make a piece of furniture appear irreparably defaced; and for the small sum of six cents an Imitation Ink Blot may be secured, the uses of which will be obvious to the imaginative prankster. One might ponder the use of Imitation Bed Bugs, but the catalog gives a pointer:

"These are a perfect imitation of the lusty little creatures that infest our beds and hold high carnival during the night, tapping our blood vessels to relieve us of any undue pressure of the fluid. But, joking aside, you can have great fun placing these bugs on the sheet or under the pillow, and see the women folk gasp with horror at the discovery. We put them up six in an envelope."

In plotting your revenge on the practical joker, extreme care must be taken. The Skinderviken Transmitter Button will permit him to listen in on your conversation with your allies, and he can see what is going on behind his back by using the Ring With Mirror, the Detective Opera Glass, or the Seebackroscope, Wonder of the 20th century. Of the six thousand items stocked by Johnson Smith & Company, the only effective one for putting the practical joker to rout, short of one of the revolvers, would seem to be the Buco Tear Gas Shooter.

Incipient hypochondriacs are doubtless the best customers for such items as the Sore Finger Joke, the Swollen Thumb, the Bunged-Up Eye, the Sore Toe Joke, and the Joke Eye Bandage. The opus hints at the condolence one may elicit with these disguises; it says of the Joke Eye Bandage that it "is sure to arouse many remarks, sympathizing and otherwise, among your friends, especially as you proceed to raise the upper part disclosing a large, swollen eye, badly discolored, and obviously suffering

from the effects of a recent fistic encounter." To excite a friend's envy, the Imitation Gold Teeth are suggested: "You know how fashionable it is to have gold-filled teeth—if you can afford it. These gold finished shells fasten over the real teeth and look like very wealthy fillings."

The cover of the catalog promises Surprising Novelties, Puzzles, Tricks, Joke Goods, Useful Articles, Etc., and its profusely illustrated pages abound in all of these, including the Etc. Puzzles, Tricks, and all the paraphernalia of the amateur conjurer may be found here, and the 576 pages of the current compendium show an increasing preoccupation with Useful Articles. Though there is apparent a laudable tendency to direct the wag's thoughts to the more serious things of life, the practical joke still claims the bulk of Johnson Smith & Company's advertising appropriation.

Among those articles which would be classified as useful, if the catalog went in for classification, the various Good Luck Charms hold first place in popularity. The back cover is devoted to an advertisement of the Chinese Good Luck Ring, which is endorsed by no less a connoisseur than Fanny Brice, The YATEHAY (Meaning Good Luck in Navajo) Silver Indian Hammered Good Luck Bracelet (Fashion's Latest Fad), featuring that dandy old Indian talisman, the swastika, may be had in sterling for two dollars and a half, and will probably be worn with luckiest effect in

Yorkville, New York's German section.

But, it's not all Fooling-Your-Friends out at Johnson Smith & Company. They sell over three thousand baby turtles a month at a quarter apiece (35c with your name on the shell), and just as many live chameleons at the same price. They sell musical instruments which anyone can learn to play instantaneously, and thousands of miniature Bibles, and full-sized books on love-making, cooking, fortune-telling, Free Masonry, and a hundred diverse subjects; they sell Electric Scarf Pins, wigs and disguises, seeds, arch supporters, and Giant Chest Expanders; indoor fireworks, watches, knives, and handcuffs—some people just don't know when a joke has gone far enough.

Until recently Johnson Smith & Company carried a full line of animals, birds, and reptiles, and while they still handle some, they no longer go in for monkeys, jaguarondis, pumas, Gila monsters, boa constrictors, and pythons, as they once did. They still have canaries, however, and chameleons, turtles, newts, horned toads, hermit crabs, and alligators, the latter from twelve to sixty inches long, and costing from \$2.25 to \$25.

Johnson Smith & Company's Catalog No. 147 does not even hint at the gags that might be staged with their animals. But it would be an un-inspired prankster indeed who couldn't think of a novel way to surprise you with one of those five-foot alligators.

—CARLTON BROWN



*8 episodes from the  
Romance of Pierre de Provence  
as illustrated by Victor Stuyvaert*











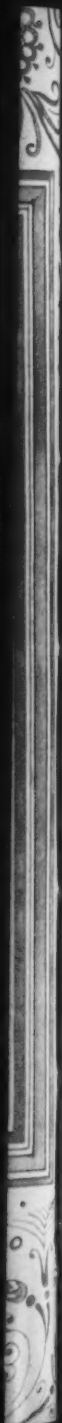




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# THE SULTAN OF SULA

TWO CAN PLAY AT THE SAME GAME, EVEN IN A  
BRUSH WITH A CENTRAL AMERICAN RACKETEER



HE WAS of mixed blood, this "Sultan," but the Spanish was stronger in him than the Mayan Indian, for he had more intelligence and cunning and was larger than the run of the natives in the Sula Valley of Honduras. During my first months in the Valley it was repeatedly suggested that I ought to "see the Sultan," but if I gave any serious thought to these remarks it was only to note the similarity to the language of the political bosses back in the States in the early nineteen hundreds. Although the existence of boss domination here in the jungle seemed fantastic, this "Sultan" was actually the forerunner of our modern racketeers—and he could have taught them a trick or two!

His early ascendancy had undoubtedly been gained by superior strength and shrewd daring, but now in his middle fifties, and fat and lazy, he maintained his rule by the cumulative effect of his past prowess and his ability to hire his marauders and killers—and so cheaply that it was unnecessary for him to bestir himself in such affairs. The Sultan started life as a small planter, but soon discovered that it

was easier and more profitable to be a trader, and also that it brought him more power and prestige. He bought the beans and grain, the horses, mules and cattle raised in the Valley, but he did not buy bananas. He sold a few general supplies to the natives, but his chief commodity was the local rum, called *aguardiente*. He named his own prices and maintained them by running out of the Valley anyone who was bold enough to set himself up as a competitor.

In the village of Chamelicon was the Sultan's main trading post, and here, too, he had a wife and a brood of children of all ages. But this pioneer racketeer did not believe in limiting the scope of his activities; *expansion* was his watchword; branch establishments were the means. A commissary and trading post were set up on the other side of the Ulua River, some miles away. Here he came about three times a month, and, in order to provide for his comfort on these trips of inspection, he established another home and family. The success of this expansion policy having been proved, it was logical for him again to dupli-

cate the plant and the family at a more remote point further up the Ulua.

There is no telling how much further he might have carried his colonizing efforts had I not come into the Valley at about that time and incurred his enmity—first, because I was a foreigner, and, second, because I ignored him. Apparently this was too much of an offense against his pride of position, and he determined to run the newcomer out of his territory in record time. In other words, he decided to “give the gringo the works.”

Unconsciously I had placed the means ready to his hand. In the constant shifting of workers on plantations in the tropics, an owner is forced to employ almost any men who ask for jobs. Hence I had come to the point where I had hired two renegade blacks. One of these, named Squirrel, was for a time a steady worker and became my most powerful and skillful axe man.

The Sultan—good racketeer that he was—saw in Squirrel the man to put me on the spot. He preferred him to one of the natives because he could be kept sober if necessary, because his brawn made him a more dangerous man with a machete, and also because he had a reputation as a killer. Furthermore, if I got the better of Squirrel the Sultan's prestige with the natives would not be injured because the black was not one of them.

When the next payday came I placed a table, as usual, at one end of a shed which had no walls, but con-

sisted merely of a manaca thatched roof supported by rough posts. On this table I placed my silver pesos in stacks, and also my account books, because it frequently was necessary to satisfy a laborer that I had not deducted too much from his wages for the supplies he had bought at the commissary I maintained for the men. These affairs had all been settled, however; the money had been paid out; and I had wandered away from the shed with a group of the men. As it was unusually hot I had, as I left the table, taken off my belt, to which my revolver was attached in a holster, and hung it on a post by the table. I stood talking with some of the men when Squirrel approached and said belligerently:

“You owe me two pesos.”

At first I thought he was drunk, but I quickly realized that this black was sober and that he meant no good.

“I have made no mistake,” I said. “Get out!”

Without warning he sprang at me with his machete raised. I stepped back, having instinctively anticipated the attack, and stooped to pick up a piece of wood to use as a club. One look at that black, leering face convinced me that my only chance for life lay in recovering my gun, some thirty yards back of me on the post in the shed.

Down crashed the curving, three foot blade against the club with which I automatically sought to parry the blow. Only when the wood crumbled



like toast did I realize that my weapon was not the sturdy mahogany which I thought I had, but merely a light, brittle ceiba-wood stick. Backward I dodged, watching intently for the next swing of the machete and fearful lest I trip over tree roots.

The Negro laughed at me—but it wasn't the kind of laugh I like to hear. He was laughing at my pitiful defense. He was having as much fun with me as a cat with a cornered mouse. I parried and backed, parried and backed, and at each stroke more of my club was sliced away. I heard the machete whistle as it cleaved the air. I felt the wind of it whip across my face. My only hope was to live

long enough to get to my revolver. But suppose I did—could I afford to take my eyes off my enemy long enough to grab my gun? Wouldn't he kill me as I reached for it?

Once, side-stepping and ducking a furious swing, I managed to get in a thrust myself. My wooden club came down smartly on the black's head, but the wood was too light to do any damage to that hard skull. The blow merely infuriated Squirrel, and he began to use his weapon as though he were chopping at a tree. One of the swings caught my club again, leaving a mere stump in my hand.

Seeing that I was now completely defenseless, Squirrel raised the ma-

chete over his head with both hands, and started a mighty downward swing at my skull—a sweep which, had it landed, would have split my head and body asunder. Fortunately, I sensed his aim and threw my head and shoulders as far back as I could, my hand coming to my belt in a useless reach for my absent gun. The backward arc of my body and my retreating footwork saved my skull, but could not prevent the point of the blade cutting a tendon in my right thumb and ripping my belly for six inches downward from the very spot where my belt buckle would have protected it.

The blood spurted in a red jet. At the sight of it the black man yelled with fiendish exultation:

“I’ll cut your white heart out!”

Back I went, side-stepping, dodging, moving closer to my gun, wondering how badly I was hurt, for I felt no pain. I felt only that I was getting nearer to my gun, but I didn’t know how far away it was. I had to find out, and turned my head to the right for a backward glance. My body fortunately pivoted with my head, and drew me out of the path of the machete’s unseen sweep—all save the tip of my left shoulder, which was badly gashed.

But my eye had seen the gun only four or five paces away, and I knew that now I must take the big gamble. I turned and hurled the splintered stump of wood full into the black face towering above me. Once more I

pivoted, this time helped by the sweep of my right arm, and sprinted wildly for the post on which my gun hung. Breathless and almost exhausted, I seized the gun in my right hand, flung my left arm around the post for support, and, as I sagged to the ground, shot the black devil through the heart.

The huge body slumped forward and toppled over onto me, splattering me with its blood. I crawled from underneath and staggered to my feet. My eye caught the gleam of the steel wristlet which Squirrel had worn—an ornament, or a souvenir, perhaps, of a prison term. No one else in all the Valley had anything like it and it was known throughout the district as Squirrel’s identification tag. I called my faithful Dod and told him to take off the wristlet and carry it to the Sultan.

“Tell him it is from me,” I said, “and tell him nothing more.” Certain as I was that the Sultan had incited Squirrel to attack me, I had no proof of his having hired the assassin, and hence I felt that the time had not come for open accusation and reprisal.

As my wounds healed rapidly I was soon able to ride about the plantation again, but never, after the fight with Squirrel, was I without my revolver. On the contrary, I thought it a wise precaution frequently to demonstrate my marksmanship at targets or on a peon’s hat tossed in the air.

The relatively good behavior of the



peons after my fight with Squirrel had been credited largely to the fatigue of the heavy, tiring work of clearing and planting. Another reason for their restraint, however, soon became clear; the Sultan had adopted different tactics in his war on me. My cattle, mules and hogs became the objects of his attack. Nearly every morning I would find several of them cruelly mutilated by machetes. I raged and swore, but there was, of course, no way of proving that the Sultan was responsible for these cowardly attacks. I was able to save some of the animals by quick and patient treatments, but the rest had to be shot. I knew that it would be useless to trust

any of the natives to stand guard at night. The only men on whom I could rely for such work were Don and Dod, the Jamaican blacks, but no two men could successfully guard all my live stock against the cruel cunning of these raids.

Although the peons made no trouble during the day, I soon realized that they were getting drunk during the week with greater frequency and in constantly increasing numbers. This shortage of labor hampered me greatly.

It was the Sultan, I soon learned, who was back of this bootlegging. He had peddlers selling to my men, not only on Saturday nights and Sundays,

but on every other night as well, and he sold so cheaply that the stuff was almost given away. I learned also that the rum peddlers lived in the village of La Guaruma, which was on my land. I had never molested the people living there, despite the fact that they paid no rent and that most of them were not in my employ. Even now I had no desire to bother them, but I did intend to make them stop getting my men drunk on week days.

I appealed to Governor Barona, who responded on several occasions by sending troops to search every house in the village. His soldiers, however, had to come openly, and had to cross the river. Consequently news of their approach always preceded them, and the rum sellers had plenty of time to hide their liquor in the woods. Finally I concluded that there was only one thing to be done, and Durkin agreed with me.

"Post a notice in Spanish," I told him, "ordering these people to get off the land in ten days."

Durkin posted the notice the following morning and came rushing out of town. A crowd of men with machetes pursued him. Several fired shots.

"We'll cut the throats of the gringos," they cried. Durkin laughed.

On the ninth day after the notice was posted Durkin again went into La Guaruma, and let it be known that those who weren't gone by the next day would be thrown into the river, with everything they owned. The next

morning Durkin and I went into the town, carrying extra arms. A sullen group, armed with machetes, stood in our way. I ordered them to move on. They hesitated, and then gave ground reluctantly.

"There'll always be trouble while these men are here," I said. "I'm going to burn this town."

"Swell idea," Durkin replied. He had rolled a brown paper cigarette, and was about to light it. Instead, he threw the match onto the dry thatched roof of the house nearest to him. At the same time I set fire to a roof across the narrow street. The wind was blowing in the right direction. One fire started another, and presently every house in the town was ablaze.

But even easier than our firing of the village was it now for the Sultan to fan to a white fury the ever present blood lust which lurks just below the surface in these half-caste natives of Central America. The white men can never trust them. When they are drunk they do not even trust one another—they know their heritage.

It was on such inherently savage human material that the Sultan went to work when the villagers, evicted by the firing of their huts, came to him with cries of rage and demands for revenge. This was his chance to put himself at the head of the mob which demanded our blood. But the old racketeer knew his racket too well to risk exposing his ample person to our guns by leading the attack. Generals—and wise racketeers—die in bed!

Rum—free rum and plenty of it—was the Sultan's first order. All night it was guzzled by the mob, while the Sultan, unconscious master of crowd psychology, goaded the men, flattered, taunted and cajoled them by turns. When morning came these maddened peons found themselves marching in disordered ranks toward our plantation, probably without realizing that their bold leader had remained safely at home.

I was rubbing powdered calomel into the back of a macheted ox later that morning when Dod came running to me.

"They's killin' Massa Frank!" he shouted.

I jumped on my mule and rode down the trail to Durkin's house which was already surrounded by the howling natives. The leader, a glowering, dusky figure, was swinging his machete and urging his followers to attack.

"Kill the gringos!" he was shouting. "Burn their houses. Cut their throats. Cut off their arms. Their legs. Their ears."

I sank the spurs deep into the mule, and she bolted through the crowd, struck the leader with her chest and knocked him down, breathless and limp.

I wheeled, gun in hand, and rode toward the house, shouting that I'd kill the first man to get in my way. At the sound of my voice Durkin flung open the door.

"We've got to clean these devils out," I shouted.

They had become silent after I had ridden down their leader, but now they were clamoring again. The Sultan's liquor and the Sultan's talk had driven away all caution, all fear.

Now they charged the house with a yell, while I rode at them and shot them down with my revolver. Durkin kept his post on the veranda, three steps above the ground, and from this vantage point his rifle spoke repeatedly. Only a few of the peons had guns, and none was a good marksman. Durkin and I singled them out first, and then we breathed a little easier.

But the natives spread around the house and attacked from all sides. Durkin could hold only the front, while I raced on my mule from side to back, to side again, striving to keep the attackers from breaking through the shuttered windows or the flimsy walls, and even more important, to prevent them from setting the thatched roof afire.

This fire prevention was a tough job. As I turned the corner of the house on one of my rounds, I saw two peons, with flaming torches, dashing madly toward the building. I knew that they must not be allowed to get even within throwing distance, for if they succeeded in hurling one torch onto the roof, the whole house would soon be ablaze. I shot at the man nearer to the house, and was surprised to see his torch fall to the ground just as he was in the act of throwing it. The man uttered a shriek of pain,

turned and ran for the shelter of the jungle. Wheeling the mule toward the second man, I took a quick shot at him and was relieved to see him drop. The burning of the house had been prevented by the closest of margins.

Their failure to fire the house, and their casualties seemed to cool the blood lust of the peons. Their shouts and curses gradually died down, and, at the sudden appearance of Dod and Don who came to reinforce us, they quietly slipped away into the jungle shadows. I put Dod on guard in the rear of the house and Don in front, while I dismounted at last and joined Durkin on the veranda.

He looked utterly weary—completely disheartened.

"We shoot away our help just when the rainy season's coming on. What are we going to do?"

"I'm going to send the Sultan an ultimatum this time," I replied. "And with it I'll send him a token that will make him understand that I mean business."

"A hell of a lot of good that'll do," was Durkin's scornful comment. "And what can you send him out of all this mess?"

"I don't know yet, but let's take a look around."

When we came to the back of the house we saw Dod staring at something on the ground. It was the torch of the first poen—still gripped firmly by the hand which had been about to throw it. Had I instinctively aimed at the wrist in order to stop the impend-

ing throw, as a baseball player throws to the home plate to cut off a run? I could not remember trying to do this, but however it came to pass, I felt sure that the possession of this gruesome souvenir would enable me to play upon the Sultan's superstition.

"Dod, you will take my last message to the Sultan," I said in a voice that must have betrayed unwonted emotion.

"This is the message," I went on.

"Here is the hand of one of your men, made *tunquito* by me without even touching a machete. In two days I will follow after this hand, and if you have not left the Valley, or if you ever come back, it will not be a criddle that I will make of you; it will be your dirty, yellow heart that I will take. You will get no more messages from me. In two days it will be my gun that speaks!"

Dod picked up the dead hand, while Durkin seized my hand to shake it in almost a frenzy of ecstasy, as he shouted after Dod:

"And tell him, Dod, that if the Major misses, I'll get him myself. But the boss never misses."

This was one time that I did miss, however. I missed the chance to take aim at the Sultan—Racketeer Extraordinary—for he cleared out the same day.

He didn't even take the two days' grace I had allowed him. And he never came back as long as I lived in the Sula Valley.

—MAJOR HOWARD S. REED



BRASSAÏ

PARIS

# SHADOW MURAL

DECEMBER, 1938



BRASSAI

PARIS

BROODING GARGOYLE

CORONET

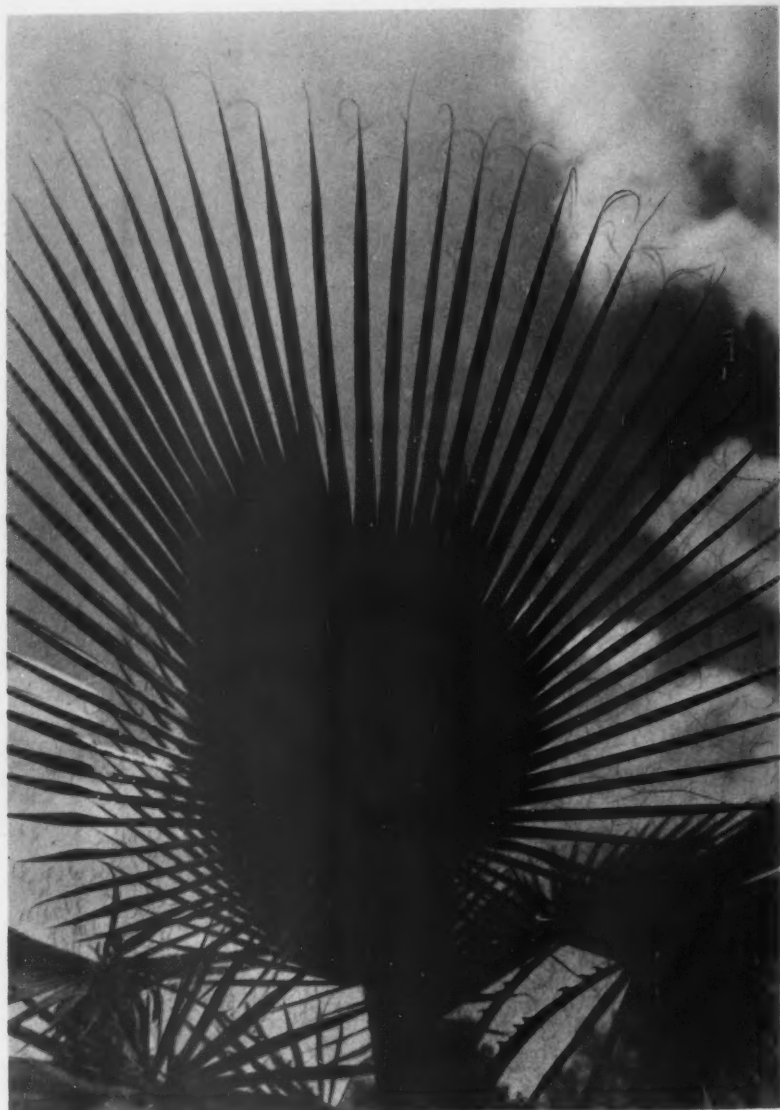


HÉLÈNE DEUTCH

CHICAGO

PEACE ON EARTH

DECEMBER, 1938



MARCEL GAUTHEROT

PARIS

PEACOCK PLANT

CORONET



BLUMENFELD, PARIS



STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

CREATIVE URGE

CORONET



ANDRÉ DIÈNES

PARIS

## HITCHHIKERS

DECEMBER, 1938



JULIETTE LASSERRE

PARIS

VANTAGE POINT

CORONET



KLUGER, TEL AVIV



NELL DORR

NEW YORK

PROLETARIAN

CORONET



K  
BUDDY LONGWORTH

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

### LITTLE OLD LADY

DECEMBER, 1938



MAGHATSCHEK, PARIS



R. SCHUDEL

GRINDELWALD, SWITZERLAND .

# BUTTERFLY ON SKATES

DECEMBER, 1938



HEIN GORNY

BUDAPEST

FRIEND OR FOE?

CORONET



BRASSAÏ

PARIS

DIGNIFIED SILENCE

DECEMBER, 1938



MIHÁLY EKE

BUDAPEST

SPITFIRE

CORONET



REUBEN GOLDBERG

PHILADELPHIA

## LOVE'S LABOUR LOST

DECEMBER, 1938



DON WALLACE

CHICAGO

DEAD END

CORONET

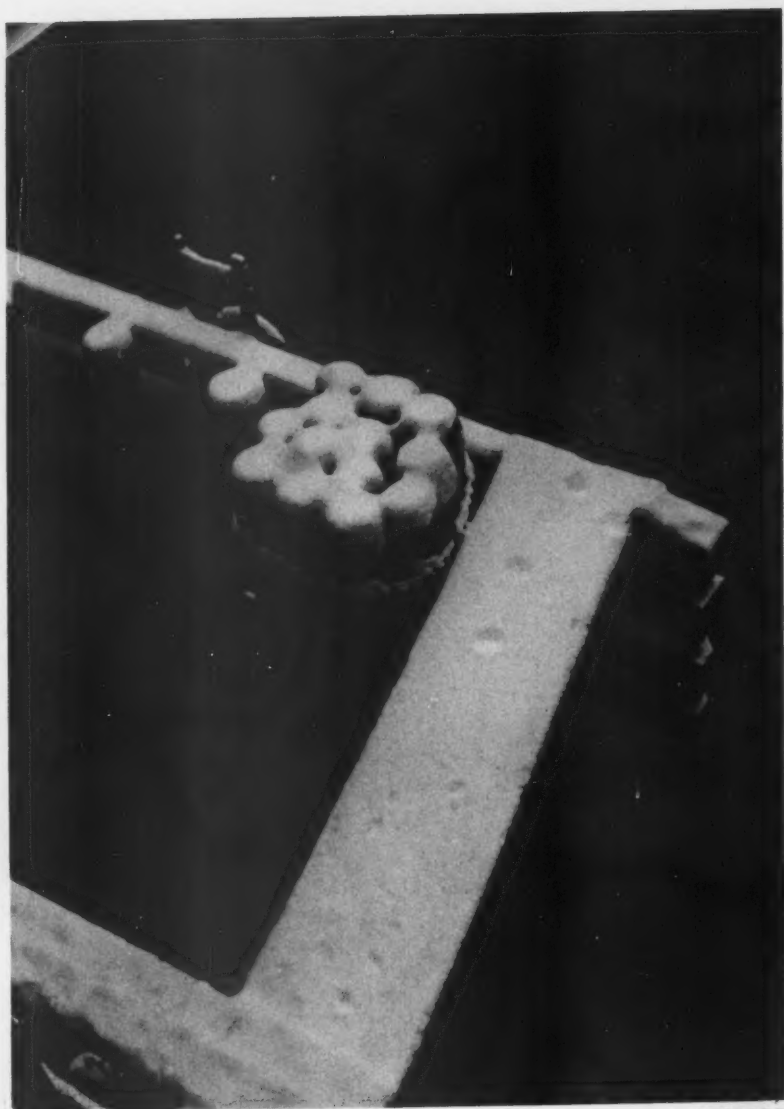


A. BINDER

FROM BLACK STAR

## HINDSIGHT

DECEMBER, 1938



WESTELIN

CHICAGO

WHITEWASH

CORONET



J. NAEGELI

GSTAAD, SWITZERLAND

## WELL WORN TRAILS

DECEMBER, 1938



ELLEN FECHNER

FROM MONKEMEYER

GROTTO

CORONET



STEPHEN DEUTCH

CHICAGO

BERCEUSE

DECEMBER, 1938



BUDDY LONGWORTH

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

## KINDLY LIGHT

CORONET



ERWIN BLUMENFELD

PARIS

TWAIN

DECEMBER, 1938



WLE, LOS ANGELES



DIÈNES, PARIS



DON WALLACE

CHICAGO

OLD MAN OF MONTMARTRE

CORONET



HÉLÈNE DEUTCH

CHICAGO

STRAW HATS

DECEMBER, 1938



DON WALLACE

CHICAGO

FOOD...

CORONET



GO  
SCHWARZ

FROM MONKEMEYER

... FOR GOSSIP

DECEMBER, 1938

# ABOUT ANDRÉE RUELLAN

WHOSE ARTISTIC INHERITANCE AND TEMPERAMENT  
QUALIFY HER AS AN INFANT PRODIGY GROWN UP



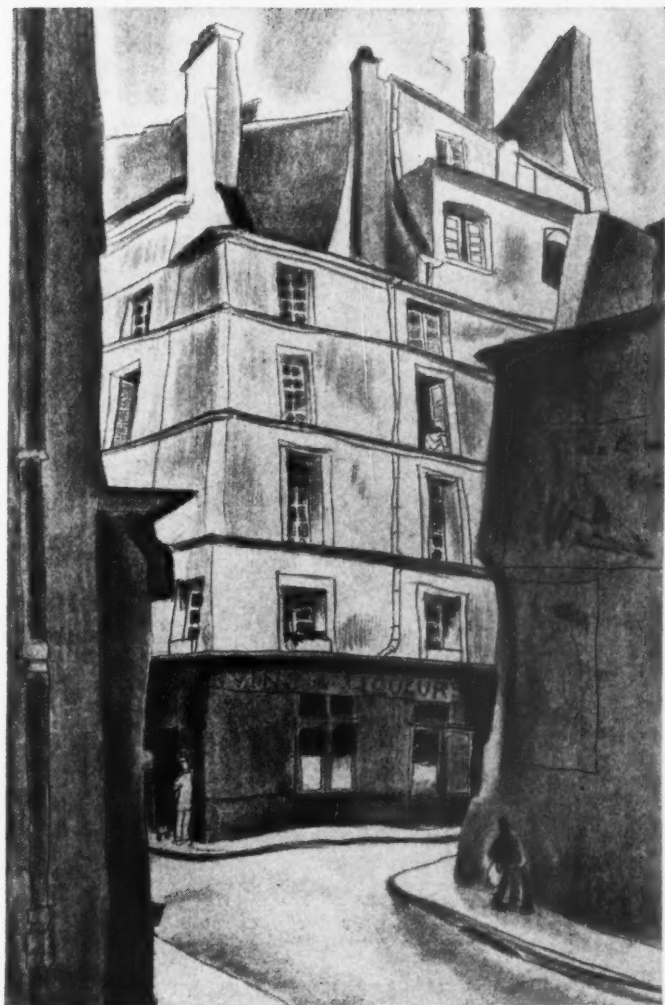
MOST artists can remember the time when they were something else, when they were learning geography or preparing themselves to take over the family sawmill, but Andrée Ruellan can hardly recall the time when she was not an artist. Her father insisted on being a sculptor against his family's wishes, so that the impulse toward art must have been respected in that French home in New York City in which she was born in 1905. At the ages of six and seven she was making sketches so excellent and so promising that a friend of the family and an amateur of the fine arts, Dr. Ben Zion Liber, brought them to the attention of Robert Henri and George Bellows. At the age of eight, with Henri as artistic godfather, little Miss Ruellan made her debut in a one-man show of watercolors at St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, one of New York's oldest churches. At ten she was represented in a group exhibition at the MacDowell Club.

Upon the advice of Henri little Miss Ruellan's impatience to get going upon the business of being a professional artist was curbed until she had reached

a seemly age. She must still have had her hair in pigtails when, at the age of fifteen, she was admitted to the Art Students' League on a scholarship. She studied drawing and sculpture under the sculptor, Leo Lentelli, and drawing under Maurice Sterne, whom, especially, she found an inspiring and uncompromising teacher.

Two years later she won a scholarship to study with Mr. Sterne in his class in Rome, to which she went in the fall of 1922. In the spring of 1923 she went to Paris where she remained until 1929, except for a brief winter visit to New York during 1927-28. At twenty she had her first one-man show in Paris, at the *Sacré du Printemps* gallery. In that city she studied for a short time with Dufresne and Per Krogh and there also undertook her first essays in lithography, working with the famous printer Desjobert.

Although still young Miss Ruellan is no longer an infant prodigy. She is an infant prodigy grown up with the right to modify early modes of expression. The chief modification in her work consists in abandoning the free and easy and unfinished method of



DRAWINGS COURTESY WEYHE GALLERY, NEW YORK

## VIEUX PARIS

DECEMBER, 1938



RUE VERGINGETORIX

CORONET

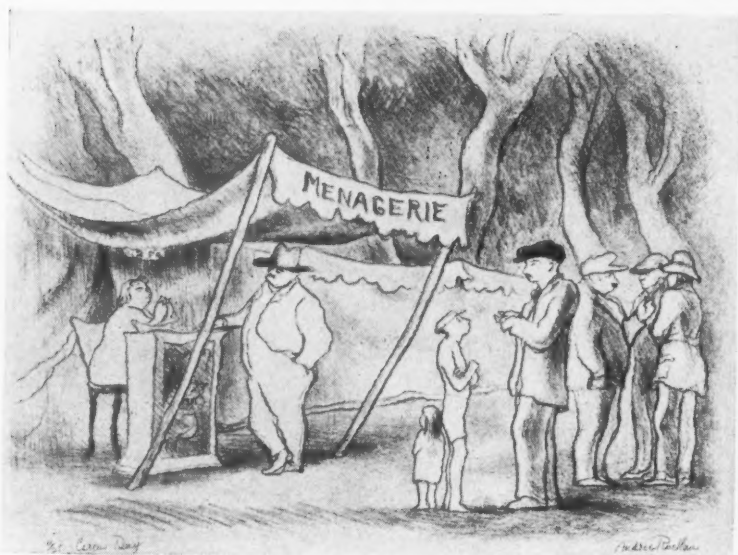


## LA PLACE DE L'ORME

drawing which characterized her early work and adopting a method of draughtsmanship that is no less complete, except for the absence of color, than a painting, with every accent indicated and no scope allowed for guesswork or collaboration in the beholder. She no longer cares for what she calls disorderly, sloppy, sketchy work. It is necessary for the youngster, she says, to produce a great deal, just for the discipline involved in producing a great deal, but having passed through that stage, the next step is to make each painting, drawing or lithograph a finished work of art. She

therefore prefers, among her own things, a work like the reproduced *Bavarian Chimney Sweep* rather than such free and easy sketches as *Circus Day* and *Rue Vercingetorix*. These others, however, are landmarks of a past and are an integral part of the Andrée Ruellan of today.

Today she is interested chiefly in painting, building up from a series of drawings canvases in which figures on street and wharf are clearly outlined and annotated and set in an atmosphere that recalls that in which the Venetians, especially Guardi and Canaletto, bathed the stones of their



## CIRCUS DAY

city. Miss Ruellan reminds us that her light is the light also of Poussin, Corot and Boudin, but sunlight and matter are kept almost strictly apart as they were before the Impressionists came along and interpenetrated matter with sunlight. Miss Ruellan has made most happy use of several excursions into Charleston, among whose Catfish Row Negroes she has found most grateful subject matter. And yet her paintings of the Charleston waterfront, admirable in the technique of craftsmanship as they are, so powerfully suggest some other place than Charleston and

a century before the present that one wonders from what museums her pictures were taken or, perhaps, to what museums they are destined.

Miss Ruellan distrusts fine frenzy and believes rather in the rewarding labor of slow and painful construction. Painting that has real body, she says, cannot be done quickly. From that it is easy to argue that if a painting has been done quickly it has not real substance. She is much more interested in figure subjects than in landscape, chiefly in street activities, and has had to learn to work without models. She



BAVARIAN CHIMNEY SWEEP

DECEMBER, 1938



LA RUE DES BONNS ENFANTS

CORONET



## CIRCUS

prepares for each painting therefore by making a drawing for each figure in the composition and a tonal drawing of the whole. When traveling she makes many drawings in gouache. At home in Woodstock she has a collection of wearing apparel—shoes, dresses and so on—each item of which is eloquent in conjuring up for her the figure in which it is garbed. Almost her only model is her husband, the artist, Jack Taylor, whom, she says, she finds most versatile in his roles.

The magnificent landscapes around Woodstock unfortunately mean nothing to Miss Ruellan because she finds

landscape forms too heavy to handle. She enjoys rather towns that are small and active because their activities are easier to grasp.

Her work is marked by clarity and good taste. There is never in any of her paintings and drawings profusion of objects or confusion as to their place and relationship. Her work appeals to the sense of order and of the fitness of things. There is no tumult in her work, no wild excitement. At the same time, even if the pulse does not beat the faster, the more intellectual requirements of art seem satisfied. Her paintings and drawings make



## HALF PAST TWO

manifest faith in selection, order and discipline. Miss Ruellan publishes no revolutionary message, does not raise the temperature, but does give one the satisfaction of making art creations in the line of tradition. No offense is intended in calling her an academic painter, for she is academic in the best senses of the word, in the senses of honesty and workmanship.

In New York, in recent years, her paintings and drawings have been on view at the Weyhe and Walker Galleries. For her painting, *Charleston*, the Worcester Museum gave her a prize several years ago. She has been

exhibited in many of the best museums.

Miss Ruellan is a small, trim young woman, quiet in her manner and gentle in her way of speech. She works steadily and hard and keeps within a small social circle. She is fond of music and reads considerably in French and in English. She has almost no hobbies, for art is her life and her hobby. She helps her husband in the making of frames and mats and also in the grinding of colors. They live a quiet life in the country for most of the year, spending several of the winter months either in New York or in travel.

—HARRY SALPETER

# ICONS IN EXILE

*SURVIVALS OF THE REVOLUTION ARE THESE  
EXPATRIATED EMBLEMS OF RUSSIAN WORSHIP*



IN presenting his Russian art collection to the University of Wisconsin, Ambassador Joseph E. Davies remarked to Gov. Philip F. LaFollette that, "the icons were selected by the leading technical experts on icons connected with the Soviet government and particularly with the Tretyakov museum."

The fanatical burning of church properties during the Russian revolution resulted in the destruction of many of the valuable religious paintings. Gathering the Davies collection, from which specimens are shown on this and the following three pages, was an adventure in itself. It meant traveling throughout the Soviet and seeking out these objects, many of which were hidden for fear of meeting complete destruction.

In the Russian Orthodox Church, the icons (or ikons) had an important function in religious observances.

They were arranged in tiers on an Iconostas, an elaborate gilded screen separating the main body of the church containing the worshippers from the small sacred rooms behind the altar where the priests disappeared from time to time during the services.

The screen was studded with tiers from the floor to the ceiling. There

was, for instance, the Festival Tier which illustrated scenes from the life of Christ. Immediately below that was the Deësis Tier. The icons of the Festival Tier were purposely made small in size so as to be easily removed. On the occasion of the anniversary of each festival, these icons



*Formerly in the Chudov Monastery in the Moscow Kremlin, this 16th century icon is a rare "original," never having been repainted.*



*Repainted icon, depicting the Nativity. It is considered one of the finest remaining examples of the 15th century work of the Moscow school.*

representing certain feast days were taken down and placed on a small table in the church where they were kissed by the congregation.

Few of the old icons ever reached the 20th century in their original state. Most of them have been painted over and over until they are no longer recognizable. It is often said that the artist himself could not identify his original work. Then too, there are inserts and additions to the icons which make identification of artist and time difficult. Inserts entailed transferring parts or centers of disintegrated works or decayed panels to new backgrounds or panels.

Paintings from the north of Russia deteriorated much more rapidly than

those produced in the south. Since most of the art schools were situated in the north—in and about Moscow—they naturally remained there to suffer the ravages of the seasons. Here they were placed in cold, unheated churches where the lighting was poor.

All the churches used oil lamps and candles, the smoke of which formed a blackish-brown coat of impenetrable crust which clung to the paintings. Besides, the icons had been covered with a varnish formula compounded of boiled linseed oil and a resin gum. This preservative coating turned dark with age, appearing almost opaque in time. Although it preserved the paintings, the bright, rich colors soon



*The modern technique of this 20th century icon may be compared with that of earlier date. It is inscribed: "St. Sergei of Radonezh, the Miracle Maker."*

were obscured to the point of vanishing altogether. The resulting opaqueness gave to art history the impression of their being painted that way. In this manner, the term "Black Madonnas" became known to the art world.

Early chroniclers recorded the fact that the icons were constantly being repaired in order to preserve them. At first the work was confined to filling the cracks and seams to prevent the wooden panels from falling apart. Continued repairs meant virtual remaking of the entire piece. Innovations slowly crept into the art of preserving the icons—both for the satisfaction of contemporary thought and enhanced beauty. These innovations and departures from the originals frequently



*This icon depicting the Nativity dates from the middle 15th century. The mantling is of pressed metal and the halos are of silver.*



*This unusual tryptych, shown with panels closed, depicts St. Paul at the left and St. Peter at the right. An offer of \$10,000 for this piece has been refused.*

amounted to the covering over of the original foundations and the adding of new heads to an old background, or old heads and figures to a new and entirely different background.

It will readily be noted from the icons shown on these pages that the subjects strictly adhere to the tradition of religious painting, and that this form of art varied little in purpose or conception from the conventional ecclesiastical canvases of the past. The icon at the top of page 100, for instance, is a fairly common representation of the Nativity—the Virgin Mary reclining in the center and the Christ Child lying in a crib at her side. St. Joseph is seated in the lower left

corner, while angels are depicted hovering above. To the right, the Magi are seen approaching with their gifts.

Much more elaborate in conception is the tryptych shown on this page, formerly in the monastery of the Kievo-Pecherskaya Lavra near Kiev but originally part of the altarpiece of a church in the southern part of the Ukraine. It portrays a complete Festival series: the Annunciation, the Nativity of Our Lord, the Presentation of Christ in the Temple, Christ's Entry into Jerusalem, Christ Raising Lazarus from the Dead, the Assembly of the Apostles, the Assumption of the Virgin, the Dormition of the Virgin, and the Transfiguration. These scenes are shown in sequence, from upper left to lower right. The center piece

is a complete Deësis, with the figure of Christ wearing the church head-dress or mitre.

Since the beginnings of both the Russian religion and Russian art can be traced back to Byzantium, it is to be expected that the icons, a fusion of religion and art, should show a definite Byzantine influence. This is especially true of the earlier work, best marked in its simplicity of design and economy of coloring. In succeeding centuries, the style in which the icons are executed takes on more grace and there is a decided improvement in the handling of colors. The designs are characterized by greater symmetry, and in place of a relatively faint tinted effect strong and harmonious colorings are introduced.

—ROBERT C. OETKING



*This tryptych, an exceptional icon of the Italo-Greek school of the early 15th century, comes from a monastery near Kiev. It shows a strong influence of Greek ecclesiastical painting.*

# THIS IS MY SUNSHINE!

HER LOVE WAS AS BOUNDLESS AS THE SEA,  
SO SHE SPECIALIZED IN SHIP'S OFFICERS



I NOTICED her twice before we spoke. I was eating alone and so I was looking around at the other people in the restaurant.

She was certainly the nicest to look at, and I wondered about her. I knew she was a foreigner, for only foreigners in Athens ate supper at seven in the evening. The Greeks never started until nine or ten. And I was pretty sure she was American. Not only because she smoked right through her meal, but because of the contemptuous, scornful pout on her pretty face. Only American girls have that scornful expression when abroad. Even the British and Germans look a little subdued, making an effort to understand the foreign place.

Even with the pout, her face was so sensitive, and her fine hair fell away from it so delicately, that I said to myself, she must be down here studying vase painting. So I was pleased when I looked at her to know just what a modern vase painter looks like.

The third time I saw her she came into the restaurant and took a table next mine. She said nothing to the waiter, but pointed to something on

the side of the menu in French. When she got to her dessert she was having trouble. She kept saying "chocolate" and the waiter looked perplexed. The restaurant boasted on its windows a knowledge of all languages, but the waiters really spoke only Greek and a little French. So I leaned over to her and said, "May I help you?"

She turned to me eyes wide with astonished pleasure, "Oh, do you speak English?"

"Yes," I said, "I'm American."

"I'm American too. And I keep telling the waiter that I want chocolate ice cream and every night he brings me vanilla."

I was still on my salad, so I asked her to have her ice cream at my table. She was delighted. "Don't tell me," she said, "that you're another American girl down here alone? Did you get put off the boat too? I guess so or you wouldn't be in this stinking hole. I'm only here because I got put off the ship at the Piraeus. Say, let's get out of here and get a drink and I'll tell you all about it."

We went over to the terrace of the Grande Bretagne. She ordered a cock-

tail and I ordered oyzo. "What in hell's boozo?" she said.

"It's oyzo. The Greek *schnapps*. Haven't you noticed all the Greeks drinking it? It's that cloudy white stuff."

"No, what'd I want to notice what those Polacks drink? Give me a cock-tail any day. I'm American! But I guess you're wondering how I got here."

"I am."

"It's a long story, and I'm dying to talk to somebody who understands me. There I am stuck in that hotel where none of those dopes understand me. They're supposed to speak English, but what they talk besides Greek is French, I guess."

"You don't know any French?"

"I would if my father hadn't been so damn mean. We had two kinds of courses where I went to school, that's Chicago and Philly. That's Philadelphia. One was called the language course and that meant you took French and literature. That's the one I wanted. But I was sick the day you signed up and my father went and put me down for the commercial one. So I took steno and typing and English and civics, that's about government. It was a helluva waste of time, though I did get a job punching a Burroughs afterwards."

"But here I am talking your arm off and not saying how I got put off the ship. I told you my name was Caroline Lester. Well, that's only my maiden name, and that's what I've got on my

passport. My name is really Mrs. Richard Somers.

"I wouldn't tell you this if I didn't trust you. I'd be in worse hot water if anybody found out. I might have to stay in this hole the rest of my life."

"You see, Mr. Somers, that's my husband, he's an engineer on the Columbia Line. We've been married two years, though God knows I haven't seen much of him. Well last winter I had a nervous breakdown. First I had so many fights with my father that it made me sick. Then I went to live with Mr. Somers' family and that wasn't any better. My mother-in-law gives me a pain where you can't put a bandage. Maybe I shouldn't talk like that, and maybe you can put a bandage there. Anyhow I got a nervous breakdown."

"So when Dick, that's my husband, came home, he said, 'You need a change.' And we figured it out that if I'd go on his ship on my own name, nobody'd know the difference. You see it's strictly against the company's rule for officers to have their wives on board. I kinda wanted to go. I'd heard so much about the blue Mediterranean and all. I thought it'd be kinda interesting."

"Where were you supposed to go?"

"I don't know just exactly. It was called a Vagabond Cruise. A lot of places in the Mediterranean. But I only got as far as the Piraeus. That was the first port of call after the twenty one days across. And that's where I got put off." I had nothing to say."

"Well, what happened after that?"

"They found out I was Dick's wife.

Oh, everything was okey-doke until the last two days. I had a wonderful time. We danced and sang every night."

"Well how did they discover you were Dick's wife?"

"At first nobody suspected a thing. We were very careful. Mr. Hansen was the only person in on it. He was second mate and Dick's best friend. And to fool everybody I always went around with him when Dick was working. They had different turns. And when Dick was off we used to go up to the radio room. Nobody was ever in the radio room.

"Then two days before we were getting into the Piraeus the fun began. The first mate told Dick he knew who I was. Dick was dumb enough to have a picture of me in his bunk. The first mate hated Dick and I was poison to him too, 'cause he'd made a couple of passes at me and I wouldn't even spit on him.

"He put it up to Dick this way, 'You tell the captain or I will.' So Dick and I went up and told the captain ourselves. It seemed more honorable.

"Oh boy, that was some day! My eyes were red for days afterward. The captain was in a funny spot 'cause he'd been making passes at me himself the whole trip and telling me what a hot time he'd show me when we got to Stamboul. That was one of the places we were going. He said his

wife was nuts. Boy! You should've seen his face when he found out who I was.

"So he said that under the circumstances, Dick had to resign when they got back to New York and I'd have to leave the ship at the Piraeus. Here, this is my Sunshine!" She handed me a postcard photo. "I call Dick my Sunshine. That was taken when we were in New York."

She and a squat black haired man stood arm and arm before Grant's Tomb.

"We look kinda funny together, don't we? He's so much older and I'm taller."

"You look all right together," I said. "But tell me, what have you been doing since you're here?"

"Don't ask me! I've been going nuts! I've been alone all the time and just laying in bed smoking my head off."

"Why don't you look at the city?" I said. "A lot of people come here just to do that."

"Oh I saw everything the first two days. Dick had a day off and we went everywhere. And then Mr. Hansen had a day off and we went everywhere again. I've been to the Acropolis twice. And then I've been shopping.

"You see Dick gave me his pay when they left me. They told me I'd have to spend it all 'cause you can't take it out of the country. I had about twenty five thousand drachmas, but now I've spent nearly all of it 'cause I expected to get a boat yesterday."

When we parted, we arranged to meet in a café two nights later. She was very quiet at supper and I asked her what was the matter. "Oh, I'm just going nuts staying in this hole, that's all. I bet I look awful."

"No, you look very nice," I said, "and very pretty." Her face brightened. "Say, let's do something tonight after dinner," she suggested.

I was doing something after dinner and I wanted to do it alone. The Acropolis is open two nights a month at full moon and this was the second night. Oh Lord, I didn't want to go up there with her. I could have told her I had a "date" and it would have been all right. But before I answered she said eagerly, "Oh, please let's go somewhere together. Honestly I'll die if I'm alone all evening again."

So I said, "I'm going up to the Acropolis. It's full moon, so it's open."

"Oh," she said disappointedly. "Well, all right anyhow, just so I'm not alone."

She had a hard time climbing the steep ascent through the Propylaea, stumbling over the rocks in her very high heels. She held on to my arm and didn't say much but an occasional "damn" when she stumbled. When we got to the Erechtheum she wrapped her coat around her and sat down on a stone slab under the Porch of the Maidens. "Now please don't bother about me," she said. "Do whatever you want. I'll just sit here."

I left her there and walked in and out of the columns of the Parthenon

and over to the Belvedere and looked down on the city, and then back to the Propylaea where I could see the moonlight through the Parthenon columns. There were very few visitors and it was still and fresh with a light wind blowing off the Bay of Salamis. I felt many fine things about beauty and religion and time and would mutter to myself now and again, "This is something beyond criticism."

When I came back she was sleeping. So I sat down and felt very kindly to her as a result of all my fine feelings. She soon woke up and said, "Ooh, I'm cold. Honestly I wasn't sleeping all the time. I was looking too. I feel much better."

"It's wonderful up here. You feel like you're in church."

We sat a while longer and got very cold. So we climbed down to the café across the street and had coffee and cognac. We sat there not talking at all. The radio was playing *California, Here I Come* at full blast, and when suddenly she took a postcard out of her purse and said something, I couldn't hear her.

"I said this is my Sunshine!" she shouted.

"I know, you showed it to me the other night."

"No, this is different. Can't you tell the difference?"

It was different.

"This is really my Sunshine. I told you Dick was my Sunshine. But he isn't. Whitey's my Sunshine."

"Who's Whitey? You never told me."

"You remember I told you about Mr. Hansen? How he was Dick's best friend and we went around together so nobody'd suspect Dick and me? Well that's Whitey. We fell in love. This was taken the day he was in Athens. And I have to choose between the two of them and there's no reason why I shouldn't choose Whitey. He's more my type."

"What do you mean more your type?"

"He's taller than me, and younger than Dick. Dick's old. He's twenty-eight. And I love him. Whitey I mean."

"That's another reason I got put off at the Piraeus. The captain found us together on the boat deck. It turned out worse for Whitey 'cause he'd be fired in New York instead of resigning like Dick. He wanted to jump ship and stay with me. But I wouldn't let him. Dick would have killed him. He's got a terrible temper and he's stronger. I said to Whitey, 'You may be taller than Dick, but you'd better look out for him with all those hairs on his chest to your eight!'"

"Anyhow I'll marry him as soon as I can get a divorce. I don't know how though. Dick won't give me one."

A few days later she telephoned me early in the morning and said, "I'm ready to go today. This afternoon. I wish you'd go down to the Piraeus with me and help me get out. And I've got some terrible news to tell."

She came around to my hotel in a cab, and as soon as I got in she started talking excitedly, "I didn't sleep all last night. I wanted to see you terribly. I got a letter yesterday from Stamboul."

"Whitey's in the hospital with a fractured skull and a crushed brain or something. The first mate has a broken arm and Dick's under arrest. It happened the second day out. Dick and Whitey had a fight. About me, of course."

Then we were at the Piraeus and I was helping her get through the many officials and their many questions, when a tall young man in ship's uniform came up to us. "Excuse me," he said, "are either of you ladies Miss Lester for the ship to Saloniki?"

"Oh, is that where it's going?" she said. "How did you know about me?"

"We're looking for you. I'll take you down to the ship when you're ready."

She went off with him down the pier. I stood outside the gate. No visitors are allowed on piers at the Piraeus. When she got to the gang-plank she waved and yelled back to me, "I'll write you from what's-its-name."

I never expected to hear from her again. But a few weeks later there was a postcard photo. She was standing in front of the Tour Blanche in Saloniki, arm in arm with the tall young officer of the Piraeus pier. All she wrote was, "This is my Sunshine!"

—CORA MACALBERT

## A CHRISTMAS SONG

THERE ARE MILLIONS TO SING "SILENT NIGHT,"  
BUT NONE TO HONOR ITS OBSCURE COMPOSER



FOR centuries, Christmas has been celebrated to the accompaniment of music. For centuries, too, great composers have attempted to give expression to the Christmas spirit in major musical works: Handel, in *The Messiah*, Bach in the *Christmas Oratorio*, Corelli in the *Christmas Concerto*. The most famous piece of Christmas music, however, is not a monumental oratorio or a concerto grosso, but a song of great simplicity—a song the popularity of which has circled the globe and without which no celebration of Christmas can be complete today.

This song—the immortal *Silent Night*, *Holy Night*—has become as indispensable to the spirit of Christmas throughout the world as holly or the silver-trimmed Christmas tree. Wherever Christmas is celebrated, there the spirit of the holiday is heightened and intensified with the singing of the hymn.

Despite the world-wide fame of this immortal hymn, there are probably not half a dozen people who could tell offhand who composed the song or under what circumstances it was

created. It is generally believed that *Silent Night* is a folk song, that—just like some of the greatest songs of the human race—it sprang from the very soil of the people, that it was composed not by any one man but by an entire generation of men.

*Silent Night*, however, is not a folk song. It is the composition of a school-teacher-organist in Austria who created it a little more than a hundred years ago and who, after his death, passed into complete obscurity and neglect. He was Franz Xaver Gruber, the son of a linen-weaver, born in 1796 in a poverty-stricken hut in Unterweizberg, a hamlet near the Hochberg of Upper Austria. Franz Gruber showed signs of musical talent from early childhood. To father Gruber, however, the possibility of a musical career for his son was not to be considered, not even the possibility of a musical education. Father Gruber was a linen-weaver, his ancestors had been linen-weavers; it was, therefore, destined that the son, too, should consecrate his life to that respectable profession.

As a boy, young Gruber devoted

his time to his weaving stool, diligently learning the trade of his father. At night, however, he would steal out of his house and visit the village schoolmaster, Andreas Peterlechner, who gave him secret instruction in reading and writing, and also gave him elementary lessons on the organ. At home, diligent Franz Gruber—for want of a more satisfactory substitute—inserted little blocks of wood into the cracks in the wall, which his imagination converted into the ivory keys of a pipe-organ; on these he would practice his finger exercises.

One day, the village schoolmaster, Andreas Peterlechner, was taken violently sick. Since his duties likewise included the playing of the village organ, his illness meant that there would be no organ service during High Mass that day. Franz Gruber, then in his twelfth year, leaped upon the organ bench and played the entire service from memory. This feat made an unforgettable impression upon the villagers, who immediately made of him a town hero.

In the face of this lavish admiration of his townspeople, it was now impossible for father Gruber to deny his son the privilege of a musical education. He bought an old piano, and arranged that the boy might take regular lessons.

During the next few years, the boy continued his study of music in the Burghausen parish, which was not far from his home. For two years, between 1805 and 1807, he was the or-

ganist of the town. Meanwhile, he was also continuing with academic study for the purpose of becoming a schoolmaster. After receiving his official teacher's certificate, following the completion of his studies, Gruber was given a post in the village school of Arnsdorf, near the border of Bavaria.

We come now to the period of the composition of a fragile masterpiece whose fame was to outlive that of its creator. In 1816, Franz Gruber was appointed schoolmaster and organist at Oberndorf. There he became an intimate friend of the parish priest, Josef Mohr, whose free hours were spent in the writing of verse. On the day before Christmas of 1818, Josef Mohr brought Gruber a Christmas poem which he had just composed for the holiday and asked his musician-friend to prepare a melody for it so that they might feature it in the village church the following evening as a part of the Christmas services. In less than an hour, Gruber composed his immortal and deathless melody. He wrote it all in one piece; it literally poured from his pen; and when it was written down it did not require any revision.

One evening later, Gruber and Mohr introduced *Silent Night* in the village church of Oberndorf. The beautiful melody made a profound impression on the villagers. But it is hardly likely that even the most enthusiastic listener that night realized that he was attending the birth of a masterpiece which was soon to cir-

cumscribe the globe and become as deathless as the holiday spirit it exalted.

How *Silent Night* penetrated out of a little Austrian town and became famous throughout the world can be explained. An organ builder heard the song in Oberndorf and was so struck by the beauty that he committed it to memory. He carried it away with him to other neighboring Austrian villages. In one of these, the four Strasser singers—concert artists all—heard the song and were so profoundly moved by it that they included it in their concert repertoire. The Strasser sisters carried the melody into towns and cities, and wherever the melody was introduced there it found an army of devoted admirers. It was not long before the song spread like contagion, first in Germany, then throughout Europe. By 1850, the entire world was celebrating the arrival of Christmas by singing *Silent Night*.

Strange to say, though the melody was world-famous in 1850, no one seemed to know the name of its creator. Some said it was a folk song discovered in the mountains of upper Austria where it had been sung for generations. Others suggested that it might have been the creation of an eminent Salzburg composer, Michael Haydn by name (the brother of the world-famous Josef Haydn). In 1854, a group of royal court musicians of Germany wrote to the St. Peter Monastery in Salzburg inquiring if they possessed any documents explaining the origin of this Christmas

hymn. The monks of St. Peter were about to reply that no such documents existed, that they were as much in the dark as the rest of the world, when—quite by accident—the inquiry came to the notice of a choir-boy who happened to be the youngest son of Franz Xaver Gruber. The boy exclaimed that his father had composed the song, that as a matter of fact his father was still alive and could prove his authorship beyond any shadow of doubt.

When it was learned that an obscure, half-impoorished schoolmaster from upper Austria had composed the greatest Christmas hymn of all, innumerable legends were manufactured by imaginative people to romanticize the origin of the song. One of them traced the origin of the song to a dream Gruber had in which God selected him to introduce a divine, heaven-sent melody to pious Christians throughout the world. Some explained that the song was composed by Gruber at the bier of his young wife. All of these stories are apocryphal.

Even after Gruber's authorship of the song was convincingly established in 1854, the composer remained an obscure and unknown figure. Since 1854, he has been completely forgotten by a world which, once each year, chanted his hymn to inaugurate Christmas.

Franz Xaver Gruber died in poverty and obscurity in 1862. But he had left the world a priceless heritage.

—DAVID EWEN

# TEXAS SOCRATES

THE PEOPLE OF WACO HAD REASON ENOUGH TO  
FEAR HIM, FOR HE PROCLAIMED THE TRUTH



FORTY years ago a job press in the little central Texas town of Waco ground out a flood of smeared, flimsy sheets, the cheap paper covered with the most forceful prose ever to come from an American pen . . . searing sentences and biting ridicule that shocked the staid last decade of the 19th century into startled awareness.

"Never attempt to move an ox team with moral suasion, or to drown the cohorts of the devil with the milk of human kindness," wrote William Cowper Brann, and in the columns of his *Iconoclast* he proceeded to flay the frauds and hypocrites, the shams and social injustices of the day, with such outspoken truth that a contemporary journal accorded him recognition as being "the most dangerous person at an editorial desk in the United States."

Completely self-educated, Brann was master of one of the fullest vocabularies any American ever possessed, and the pages of his *Iconoclast* flow with rich and pungent phrases. At least two of the characteristically American writers, O. Henry and Elbert Hubbard, owe him much of their inspiration and success. And had

he not, for his gadfly proclivities, been served by the good Baptist citizenry of Waco with the indigenous revolver in lieu of the hemlock cup, Brann might stand today as a greater name than either.

Stirring indeed is the tragic record of this idealistic, gun-toting, Texas genius, to whom Victoria was "a beery old female," who defended truth with mockery and opposed prohibitionists and the Baptist ministry because they violated his credo of personal liberty. "Would that I had the power to . . . weave of words a whip of scorpions to lash the rascals naked through the world," he cried. Then with unrelenting vigor and courage Brann applied his scourge, scornful of the hatred and threat of death he knew to be the reward. His pen recognized no shackles of conventionality, his cauterizing wit no curb of fear or restraint, and he loosed ironic mockery and scathing ridicule without respect for person or institution.

The pages of the *Iconoclast* provide a panorama of diversified learning and keen understanding that constitutes unquestionable proof of Brann's

phenomenal mind, marking him the one true mental giant Texas has produced, and one deserving of high position in American thought. Educated only through his own experience and reading, he exhibits accustomed familiarity in wide fields of literature, economics, sociology, and ethnic religion. Yet Brann was a runaway at thirteen from the Illinois farm of the uncle and aunt who reared him, his first job was that of bell boy in a middlewestern hotel, and he struggled his way through half a dozen trades before he finally became a reporter on the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. From then until the founding of the *Iconoclast* he worked on nine American dailies in every capacity from police reporter to editor. First-hand familiarity with the American scene thus secured is doubtless the root of the salty, earthen quality of the humor in his articles.

Scattered through the essays of Brann's journal are to be found some of the finest examples of prose composition American literature can claim . . . passages of Carlylean force and paragraphs of pure, lyrical description, delicate fantasy, or rich, subtle wit. Yet to literary formalists, Brann can only appear as a rebellious angel. For the sake of perspicuity, he regarded no source of expression unworthy . . . plucked phrases from the gutter or figures from the rough, colloquial speech of the frontier to leaven allusion from classic myth or abstruse oriental philosophy, startling in con-

junction, perhaps, but never at a loss for meaning.

To the prospector for purely literary material, however, Brann's panegyrics, of which the greater part of the *Iconoclast* consisted, will assay fairly low-grade ore. But it was this element for which the *Iconoclast* was read throughout America and England, the element responsible for the growth of its circulation to the hundred thousand mark, rivaling that of any magazine then extant.

In the nineties, Brann wrote of sex and social morality, for publication, with the freedom of a modern psychologist, employing frank terminology that American journalism has only recently partly begun to accept for use. Whether discussing the problem of the Negro rapist, the economic factors of prostitution, or the existence of a libidinous instinct in the female of the species, he did not deal in innuendo or unnecessarily concealing verbiage.

Learned professors in the economic departments of present-day universities would be hard-pressed to present better analyses of the Georgian Single Tax or the tariff and currency problems so vital to Brann's generation, than appeared in the columns of the *Iconoclast*. Brann himself asserted that the founding of the journal was in part due to his economic interests.

In 1891, Brann, then chief editorial writer for the *Houston Post*, decided he could no longer resist a growing determination to remove the bonds of

editorial policy from his impatient pen. Resigning, he moved his family to Austin where the *Iconoclast* was first founded, and he intended the journal to serve as the vehicle for the currency plan he had conceived in solution of the burning gold and silver question of the day. "The Inter-convertible Bond-Currency Plan" he called it, remarking, "It's a wonder the name didn't kill it." It embodied the essentials of the present Federal Reserve System and "controlled" domestic currency, and was a proposal of sufficient merit to be adopted by the bankers of Germany in their meeting at Berlin in 1892.

After publishing only a few issues of the *Iconoclast* Brann sold the magazine to O. Henry, then an Austin drug clerk, for \$250, and accepted the editorship of the *San Antonio Express*. In 1894, however, again chafing under the desire for independence, Brann resigned and moved to Waco. He reclaimed the title of the *Iconoclast* from O. Henry, who had allowed publication to lapse after only two issues, and reissued it in February, 1895. The journal was a success from the moment of its second initiation, and in the next three years the forces of the corrupt ministry and press, economic oppression, political rottenness, and social hypocrisy knew no surcease from the stinging mockery and ruthless, ridiculing exposure of Brann's attacks.

In his task of cleansing the Augean stables of American social life, it was

inevitable that Brann would refuse to overlook manifestations of decay in his own back yard.

It is not difficult to imagine the writhing hatred of the Wacoan who shot at but missed his wife's seducer and welcomed back his wayward spouse with public brays anent his own magnanimity, only to have Brann brand him as the canting fraud who, at the same time, had betrayed the eighteen-year-old daughter of an impecunious widow whose home he had entered under charitable pretense, or the chafed ego of the town's most astute and pompous financial figure, when Brann, with hilarious mockery, retailed to the world at large his gullibility in the hands of a "gold-brick" artist.

Small wonder that those who remember say that Waco feared Brann's pen far more than the weapon of any gunman who paraded the town in the heyday of her outlawry. As Brann walked the streets of Waco, tall, thin, firm-lipped, fear touched those his cool, unwavering gaze fell upon, and with every new issue of the *Iconoclast* each Pharisee rushed to secure his copy, regardless of frantic proscription urged from every pulpit, to see if the blow had yet fallen to him.

The long-smoldering feud between Brann and the Baptists of Baylor University broke out in the open when an apostate priest, lecturing at Waco under church auspices, dwelt too lingeringly on alleged immoral conditions he maintained existed in Catho-

lic convents. Brann broke up the prurient revel by giving the speaker the lie direct from his place in the audience and only hasty police protection kept the editor of the *Iconoclast* from being mobbed at the hands of the audience as he strode from the hall in magnificent contempt. He proceeded to wreak further confusion on the good Protestant churchmen by exposing as a fraud both the ex-priest and the reputed ex-nun who accompanied him, posing as his wife.

The air had not cleared when Baylor involved itself in a scandal against which Brann directed the full force of the bitterest invective at his command—no matter for ribald ridicule this time to the man who held an idealistic reverence for womanhood.

When, at thirteen, a little Brazilian girl whom Baylor had brought to Waco as their "Christian ward" for the benefits of a Baptist education was found pregnant, serving as a kitchen maid in the home of the president of the college, her guardians and educators turned the child out, branding her a notorious bawd, naming a Negro her seducer. The girl, however, named the brother-in-law of Baylor's Baptist minister as her ravisher. Competent physicians testified as to her ravishment, her child was born white, and Brann unleashed the fullest scorn of his caustic pen on the college which dared pose as a humanitarian institution in the face of such a record.

In response to the expressed hope that Baylor would not be allowed to

continue in existence "to manufacture ministers and Magdalenes," the students of Baylor, encouraged by their authorities, kidnaped Brann, took him to their campus, mobbed him viciously and attempted to hang him, forcing him to sign a purported retraction and ordering him to leave Waco.

Cool and scornful, Brann replied with ironic mockery, repudiated the retraction and refused to leave. Within the week Judge Scarborough, a Baptist deacon and trustee of Baylor, with his son and another, took Brann by surprise on the street and disarmed him, and the three of them beat him severely with clubbed guns, fists and whips. In characteristic defiance, the bloody, barely conscious Brann, as rescuing friends placed him in a carriage, shouted toward his assailants, "Truth, crushed, will mount again."

The town openly divided into armed camps, and following the last assault, Brann's friends patrolled beneath the live-oaks on the lawn of his home, armed with shotguns and pistols, until the editor recovered.

In November, 1897, a month later, another bloody street duel grew out of the feud. Stern, fiery Col. G. B. Gerald, commander of the Eighteenth Mississippi Regiment at Gettysburg, and one of Brann's staunchest friends and supporters, was fired on by the Harris brothers, one of whom edited the *Waco Times-Herald*, Baylor party organ. With cool efficiency, the old veteran, whose local reputation accounted him to be the equal of a

dozen men, shot and killed both his assailants.

Brann now went continually armed, but the *Iconoclast* continued to be issued regularly, its attacks on hypocrisy unabated. Then, on the evening of April 1, 1898, as Brann walked up South Fourth Street with his business manager, W. H. Ward, one T. A. Davis, an inflamed fanatic, stepped from a doorway behind them and fired his revolver into Brann's back. Mortally wounded, Brann turned, drawing his own revolver, and fatally shot down his assassin. Policemen led him away to the City Hall, and an hour later he was removed to his home. At one-thirty the following morning, he died peacefully.

So the Waco Baptists ended, at forty-three, the brief career of the man who might have been America's Carlyle. His claim to literary fame is based only on the three short years the *Iconoclast* existed, a magazine

never intended as a purely literary effort. It is impossible to say what this resolution would have brought forth. But surely a man of Brann's ability, with his insight and force of character, should have been able to make some tangible contribution to American letters.

At the time of his death, Brann was working on his first novel, never to be published. He hoped to continue the *Iconoclast* for only a little longer, and then proposed to devote the rest of his life to work along truly literary rather than journalistic lines.

Brann's grave in Oakwood Cemetery at Waco is far back along the last row to the right—a plain granite stone, crowned with a lamp and flame of white marble, standing in the shadow of a live oak. It bears no name nor date—on one side simply the initials, "WCB," on the other, a scroll carved with a pen, and the single word emblazoned, "Truth."

—ROBERT ROACH CUNNINGHAM

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 29-30

1. Santa Claus. 2. Jack Frost. 3. Charlie McCarthy. 4. Davy Jones. 5. Marianne. 6. The Bogeyman. 7. Grumpy. 8. Rube. 9. Helpful Henry. 10. Lady Luck. 11. Peter Funk. 12. The Sandman. 13. John Q. Public. 14. Lady Bountiful. 15. John Doe. 16. Simon Legree. 17. Popeye. 18. Father Time. 19. Dan Cupid. 20. John Bull. 21. Pollyanna. 22. Sweeney. 23. Peter. 24. Madame X. 25. Caspar Milquetoast. 26. Dumb Dora. 27. Lemuel

Gulliver. 28. Benny. 29. Fagin. 30. John Barleycorn. 31. Portia. 32. Father Knickerbocker. 33. Punch. 34. Abou ben Adhem. 35. Paul Pry. 36. Pat & Mike. 37. Tom Pepper. 38. Ali Baba. 39. Romeo. 40. The Man in the Moon. 41. Jack Tar. 42. Uncle. 43. Kathleen Mavourneen. 44. Old Man Winter. 45. John Dough. 46. Tom Thumb. 47. Tom, Dick and Harry. 48. Prince Charming. 49. Mother Nature. 50. Rip Van Winkle.



*George G. Mason*

CORONET

116

## *HERE IS AMERICA*

Here is America, like a slab of Egyptian stone,  
Carved with a hieroglyph of highways,  
Written across by bands of rails;  
The western plain is a palimpsest where wheat is sown  
Above the mark of buffalo  
And unremembered Indian trails.

And over eighteen forty-nine the lilacs grow,  
Flower and leaf on epitaph,  
And over this stone, cement and steel  
Lift a language strange to the men lying below  
Who wrote in eighteen forty-nine.  
And left a headstone for a seal.

This is America, where a changing language runs  
Through the cities, the fields, the heads of the people,  
And here is the shadow of new, bright words,  
The hieroglyph of guns.

—INEZ SHELL ROCHE

# MASTERPIECE OF NATURE

PUT THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD IN THE  
GRAND CANYON AND THEY WOULD ALL BE LOST



**I**N THE BEGINNING: The earth-ball, broken away from the sun and spinning out into space, was gravity-disciplined to roll in its groove, 'round and 'round its parent star. Eons later the new sphere's crust began to cool and crack, to blister and wrinkle. Out of the planetary crucible gases issued and produced an atmosphere. Immeasurable time-units slipped by while fire and water disported with each other.

Seas appeared. The earth's heart was still a furnace. Before the first continents swam up to the surface the germ of life must already have quickened in the deep waters. The inspired protoplasts multiplied. Meanwhile mountain chains heaved and bucked and rose. . . . Here were the twin Americas, shaped like a grotesque mermaid, stretching voluptuously in the western oceans, the Panamanian Isthmus her needle-narrow waist.

Only the crests of the Rockies were above the waters. The present Gulf of California extended far inland. Then the Sierras shook themselves and slowly began to rise to their feet, geologic behemoths. Through cen-

turies and centuries the waters in the southwest accepted layer upon layer of sand. Strain cracked the earth's crust and made a deep fissure in the terrain. The waters drained into the widening gorge.

When the Sierras finally stood erect the southwestern waters were running out into the Californian gulf. And through the plateau behind it ran the huge river-trough, ribbed with chasms and canadas, sucking from creeks, streams and subordinate rivers millions of gallons of water. The great river ate down through the plateau of sands which the centuries had piled up and at floodtime sluiced the landscape with ferocious torrents. Finally, eating down through limestone and shale to the granite pericardium of the earth itself, it eroded a gash more than a mile deep.

Nature's caprice brought droughts to match the floods and when the land was not bursting with moisture it was parched with heat till it dried and cracked. Conservative geologists hazard that more than 250,000 years, as we measure time, must have elapsed before the river could have sculptured

the canyon; for the river alone, not an earthquake nor a volcanic regurgitation, shaped it. At any rate, before the dawn of recorded history there was the great river nearly fifteen hundred miles long, lashing through this chasm which extended for 217 miles and was at its deepest point some 6600 feet from the top of the precipices.

Canyon Grande de Rio Colorado remained a deep wound in the side of the planet. Or—the cruel mouth of unconquered Nature exposed, her lips six miles, and often as many as ten and even twelve miles apart, between them exposed the awful profusion of giant teeth and fangs which are the temples and wigwams of stone that rise from the floor of the gorge.

The first men to live in the vicinity were probably cliff-dwellers, forerunners of the modern Pueblo Indians, who were a people with a communal spirit, sharing alike whatever comforts the caves and fields offered; centuries passed before they moved from the cliffs to community-houses of adobe. Whence came these cliff-dwellers? It is not known, despite the fascinating Sunday-supplement speculations of migration across the Bering Straits and even by junks across the North Pacific or by outriggers from the South Pacific. This much, however, is generally accepted by responsible American archeologists: The redman's history—as far as has been uncovered—gives him no more than two thousand years of residence in this hemisphere. He was, therefore,

probably not here during those centuries called "antiquity" when Egypt and Babylon and other civilizations developed substantial cultures in far-away quarters of the globe.

The first peoples in the southwest appeared about the time of the birth of Christ and were, from the beginning, an agricultural race with maize their chief staple. About the time Leif Ericson was making his voyage to the northeastern American coast a more advanced Pueblo Indian people lived on the high plateaus here. When Columbus made his first trip across the Atlantic the modern Pueblo was already in this region and the finest Pueblo towns were already established. Let it be noted, though, that as far as has been discovered few individuals ever lived within the Grand Canyon itself, and certainly no tribes. First, because the Canyon was a place of awe, and second, because most of it remained inaccessible to any but the most hardy spirits. In modern times a few Havasupai and Walapai Indians have lived in the bottom of several side canyons.

The first white man to look upon the Grand Canyon was Don Garcia Lopez de Cardenas who, with his companions, gazed down into the chasm in the year 1540. These men had gone out with Coronado when he made his 1500-mile march north from Mexico City in search of the fabulous Seven Cities of Cibola. They found no fabulous cities. Only a group of adobe villages, six in number, containing

structures several stories high and populated by the Pueblo Indians of the Zuni tribe.

Accustomed as these Spaniards were to tall tales with regard to the wonders of the New World—most of which they fabricated themselves—what mingled feelings must have been theirs as they stood upon the edge of these precipices and suddenly realized that as far down as their eyes could see the earth had collapsed, as though its supporting beams had buckled and the floor of the world had fallen through! They looked down upon huge formations of stone, giant, hooded, red chessmen.

Garcia Lopez sent three of his bravest men down into the canyon, which must truly have seemed like the open womb of the earth. The men were gone hours. When they returned they reported how difficult it was to descend to the river which seemed so narrow and peaceful from above. Unscalable walls of granite blocked their way. Craggs that offered no footholds foiled their every attempt. And some of those rocks! From the top they might look as tall as a man but down below they were truly bigger than the great tower of Seville. For once the Spaniards did not exaggerate.

The canyon remained a mystery. In Hopi mythology it was the *sipapu*, the opening from which man emerged after the human species was generated within the deep of the earth. The Zuni creation myth likewise recorded the emergence of man from a wet and

dark nether world, through an opening, into the upper world. But if the Indians knew the secrets of the canyon they did not tell. Doubtless many white men viewed the great gorge in the next two centuries; none explored it.

In 1776 a Spanish friar found a practicable crossing of the Colorado River, but the ford was up in Utah, above Marble, or Cataract Canyon and a hundred miles from the great chasm. A half-century later James Pattie passed through the same region and was appalled by the harsh mountains. After him came only other trappers, the Indians on occasion, and curious Mormon herdsmen wandering down from Utah. In 1851 the Sitgreaves expedition came to the Colorado River 150 miles above Yuma, Arizona. Three years later Lieutenant Whipple surveyed a railroad route south of the canyon, where the present Santa Fe runs.

By 1857 it became necessary, if the United States was to tighten its hold on the southwest territories it had won from Mexico, to insure a quick method of transporting military supplies. For this reason Lieutenant Ives was sent with an expedition to explore the Colorado River back from its mouth to find out how far navigation was practical. But little was done until 1869 when Major J. W. Powell undertook to explore the river from its source all the way to its mouth.

Powell's expedition has remained unsung in American history. It did not uncover new lands but it was an

extremely hazardous venture, perhaps as difficult in its way as the Lewis and Clarke expedition up the Missouri. Until Powell returned, the exact course of the Colorado was unknown. It was rumored that the river ran underground for miles. But its channel through the Grand Canyon was early appreciated to be difficult and dangerous.

From May 24 to August 30 the Powell expedition of nine men and four boats covered a thousand miles by the river channel. In 1870 and 1871 Powell explored adjacent tributaries and canyons. For a score of years following, Powell and geologists and topographical engineers surveyed and explored the Grand Canyon.

The F. M. Brown-R. B. Stanton party surveyed the region in 1889. In 1909 Julius F. Stone and a group voyaged through the canyons to photograph and study. Four years later the Kolb brothers made their photographic expedition. In 1923 the Geological Survey and the Southern California Edison Company conducted a joint expedition through the Marble and Grand Canyons. This group received radio messages while a thousand feet down at Soap Creek. One of the messages received at this time was of President Harding's death.

In 1937 the Patterson-American Museum of Natural History Expedition succeeded in scaling Shiva's Temple, an island of stone in the western portion of the canyon. From the solid rock it rises nearly seven

thousand feet and a forest of piñon and junipers caps it. It is a mountain in its own right. With the aid of airplanes and every modern aid in climbing, the party of scientists, who first had to descend to the bottom of the canyon, finally reached the pinnacle of Shiva. They did not stay long, but gathered specimens of the small animals they found and of the vegetation and went down again—perhaps to return for more extensive studies later on. Wotan's Throne, an isolated mesa as huge and inaccessible as Shiva, is still to be scaled.

From the south rim of the canyon the mighty Colorado looks like a narrow muddy stream; the beholder does not remember that he is looking down upon a river that is at least a mile and a quarter away. Actually the river is three hundred feet or more wide and about thirty feet deep. Its rapids are dangerous and high. It foams through narrow areas and roars when it enters a wider channel. It is truly the "Firebrand River," as the early Spaniards called it.

Seven thick layers of rock are pressed one on the other to form the canyon and temple walls. Geologists can trace the evolution of the earth's crust by studying the formation. Down by the river there is a layer eight hundred feet thick composed chiefly of black gneiss. Above the gneiss is about an eight-hundred-foot thickness of quartzite, of variegated shades and hues. Above the quartzite is a five-hundred-foot layer of a kind of bedded

sandstone and limestone. And above it sixteen hundred feet of limestone, much of it beautiful marble, stained red from iron ores. And above that, eight hundred feet of alternately grey and red bands of sandstone. Then a thousand feet of another limestone that contains much alabaster and is almost pure white and weathers into pinnacles and towers—and forest above that on many of the temples.

The geologist talks of Ezoic and Paleozoic, Lower Cambrian and Upper Cambrian, Lower Carboniferous and Upper Carboniferous, but he means only to say that the canyon is older than old—from the *beginning*. There are dead volcanoes in the vicinity and fossils are to be found here. There are a few ruins of cliff-dwellings in caves and niches, and a precious number of "petroglyphs," stone-writings, pictures of sun, snakes, and figurettes that mock the inquisitive eye and brain of man.

And there it stands, picturesque beyond expression—one is compelled to confess it. Vast, cruel, beautiful—as the daylight reveals the bright reds, the soft blues, the pale greens, the whites and the far blacks; the paintpot of Nature, perhaps. Where are the seven wonders of the ancient world? Pharos, the Colossus, the hanging gardens, the pyramid of Cheops, and all the rest—put them down into the Canyon and add Niagara and Victoria Falls and they would all be lost. Set one of the Alps or one of the Himalayas down here: it would rise above

the plateau like a scoop of ice cream in a giant bowl of red berries.

Snowstorms sweep the north rim of the canyon and frost it, but down below where the river snakes its way flowers will still grow. Clouds sail over the great plateau and seem to pause there. When thunder rolls here the echoes beat their heads against the locked walls of the canadas and gorges and the lightning is like a spark struck between the steel of heaven and the flint of this place. Moonlight over the canyon strokes these stone pinnacles and reveals sardonic features on the hooded ghosts who have been rooted here since the firmament was congealed. The wildest sunsets depicted by any artist are but little reflections of the broad swaths of color that paint the canyon.

From every point on either rim a new view is unfolded as every lesser chasm reveals still lesser gorges branching off from it, and every butte and altar, temple and pagoda, seems to mirror a dozen buttes and altars behind it. Perhaps it is a mirage, the beginnings of the world and the ends of the world forever fixed to remind the vain man who says the world was created—*abracadabra!*—solely for him. Surely at the Grand Canyon the very stones glory in each other's beauty, the waters fall to hear their own music, and the sun smiles to see its own brilliance reflected from the colored vista where the design of inscrutable Nature's signet has been indelibly impressed. —LOUIS ZARA

## A NOTE ON PALESTRINA

LITTLE HEARD, NOW THAT THE WORLD NEEDS  
IT MOST, IS HIS MESSAGE OF PEACE ON EARTH



PALESTRINA nestles among the Sabine hills near Rome. The ancient *via Praenestina* connects it directly with the Eternal City. To wealthy Romans it was a place of cool and flower-scented breezes. Livy complained that its pleasures seduced senators from their duties and women came from far and near to worship in its temple, the largest in all Europe and a landmark from the sea.

Today it is a collection of small, filthy alleys, only recently lighted by electricity and improved by the Fascists. Before Mussolini, it was a hiding-place for *banditti* and enterprising beggars. Its remains of pediment, plinth, and cornice are testimony to the days when it was impregnable, when the forces of Rienzi stormed it in vain. In the Middle Ages the Colonna princes looked down from its heights on a view then unequalled. When it fell, the adjacent acres were strewn with salt so that no green thing would grow.

Four hundred years ago in its streets ran a youth who was to make its name the greenest word to come out of the 16th century. Giovanni Pierluigi—John Peter-Lewis—known all his life

as *Gianetto*, or Johnnie, became the greatest of all composers of church music, the undisputed master of the art of simultaneous sounds, the man who gave his town the immortality that Leonardo gave to Vinci and St. Francis to Assisi.

★ ★ ★

Judging from his music, Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina was an earnest, quiet man, with a well-balanced mind, who combined an aristocratic reserve with a pronounced natural aptitude for the harmonious. His earliest known portrait shows a finely-formed head, an animated face full of vitality, a luxuriant growth of hair, a full beard. Later he appears grave, almost stern, ascetic and careworn, with the bearing of an intellectual nobleman. He had a fine physique and, though often sick, lived out his three score and ten despite famine, pestilence, and epidemics which carried off his first wife, two sons, and brother.

He enjoyed his family and, like Bach, found a comfortable home life helpful to his work. At the moment of his first wife's death, he decided to become a priest. A few weeks later he

had succumbed to a young widow. His enemies said he married her for her money, and it is true that he did need money.

He lived better than most musicians of his day: at one time he had two servants and, besides, publishing music was costly. Paper was expensive and the notation was set up slowly and laboriously with innumerable tiny wood-blocks. Elaborate title pages involved an enormous outlay . . . and the return, except what came from rich patrons, was negligible. Sales were limited and, as there was no copyright protection, pirated editions were everywhere.

Though he was not above inserting honeyed phrases of flattery in his dedications and hunting out patrons who could be of service to him, Palestrina could be independent and outspoken. He "walked out" of his job at St. John Lateran because he was dissatisfied with new financial regulations and when the Duke of Mantua, his patron, sent compositions for his approval, he did not hesitate to point out their faults.

"Modesty may have been one of his attributes," says Coates, "but sometimes he practiced the virtue with an ostentation that makes one suspect its sincerity." He was probably both modest and proud. Like every great composer, he knew his worth. He wrote: "Others may think I am not without talent, yet I myself know how little it is. . . ."

Palestrina was ambitious. He maneuvered and jockeyed for position,

conspired against the jealousy of his rivals. He began as a poor boy in a small town. At thirty he was a member of the Sistine Chapel choir by personal command of the Pope. Shortly after, he attached himself to the private court of the richest personage of the late Renaissance, Ippolito Cardinal d'Este, son of Lucrezia Borgia, who, when traveling from the famous villa at Tivoli as Papal Legate to the court of France, took with him 400 horsemen and his own private choir.

In that day, as now, an environment of calm and ease for a creative talent was dearly bought. Palestrina once sold barrels of wine to the Holy Fathers of St. John Lateran. Another time he was paid two goats by the same priests for assisting at an Easter service. During several years of his life, he devoted half his day to trading skins in a furrier's shop and the rest to making music.

It is nothing against him that he sought to obtain the most he could for his music and that he was shrewd in driving bargains. How much he was paid for his work we cannot say, as there is no way of evaluating the *scudo*, the money of his day. It has been estimated that his prosperous days yielded an average monthly income of \$25. Unquestionably, there was cause for his public grumbling to Sixtus V when he was past sixty:

"Worldly cares of any kind, Most Holy Father, are adverse to the Muses, and particularly those which arise from a lack of private means. For

when the latter afford a sufficiency (and to ask more is the mark of a greedy and intemperate man) the mind can more easily detach itself from other cares—if not, the fault lies within. Those who have experienced the necessity of laboring to provide this sufficiency, according to their rank and way of life, know full well how it distracts the mind from learning, and from a study of the liberal arts.

"I have certainly known this experience all my lifetime . . . I have composed and published much: a great deal more is lying by me, which I am hindered from publishing because of my straitened means . . ." Perhaps during his life Palestrina was hungry . . . perhaps he lusted after women . . . fought off constipation, the gout. All this is of small consequence.

What is of moment is that Palestrina lived in an epoch which made the most of his talent. The Latin and the Christian genius of his day was reacting against the "pagan" art of the Renaissance, attempting to restore to the arts those spiritual aspirations which gave them birth. The Council of Trent was attempting to repair the havoc wrought to the body of the Church by the defection of Christians of the North of Europe. Filippo Neri, Ignatius of Loyola—Palestrina's friend—was laboring to keep pure the morals of those within the fold. The atmosphere was one of religious reconstruction, and to it Palestrina made a unique contribution.

For centuries composers had ex-

perimented with the plain song. The basis of church music was themes handed down by tradition from the early fathers. These themes were crudely adorned at first by adding voices above or below in octaves, fourths, or fifths, and finally combining them with simple new melodies which pleased the ear. This was the beginning of counterpoint (*punctum contra punctum*) in which each note of one melody was matched against each note of another.

Clever composers of the English, French, and Netherland schools often grafted popular airs on the solemn church themes. It was as if *A-Tisket, A-Tasket* and *Flat Foot Floogie* were to be weaved around the Doxology. Sacred words were combined with tunes associated with Boccaccio and singers, forgetting they were in the House of the Lord, often sang the lewd and profane words. Improvising, they astounded each other by acrobatics which distracted rather than edified worshippers.

When Pope Nicholas V asked one of his cardinals how he enjoyed the singing at the Sistine Chapel, the latter replied in concise Latin: "Methought I heard a herd of pigs grunting and squealing, for I could not understand a single word."

Palestrina corrected these abuses, and by his genius gave to the liturgy of the Catholic Church music which for its purity, simplicity, and beauty has never been surpassed nor equaled. In the beginning he may have been

guilty of over-elaboration and ornamentation, but in the end he achieved his ideal: he gave a living spirit to words which it was possible both to hear and understand. More than this, he created a vocal polyphony worthy of the texts he set.

Through his sublime and orderly synthesis of musical lines he brought into relief the great truths of Faith. His music partook of the spiritual marrow of the texts and became a concern of the soul. It was, as a German philosopher said: *Die Kunst der Innerlichkeit*. It was sung prayer.

Palestrina never was interested in saying "I" in music. Nor was he concerned with ready-made emotions, daring effects, melodic or rhythmic stunts. He used very little that had not been used by his predecessors and contemporaries. He took the simple themes of the Gregorian repertoire and from them not only created superb structures of vocal architecture, but found precisely the right accents for aspiration, supplication, jubilation, and transcendent vision. His music is evolved out of a situation not composed for it. Palestrina lifted worship above mere human language.

★ ★ ★

After him, music took another course. Coming down from its high estate, it exchanged the cathedral for the platform and the footlights. It became more human, less divine. It gave up the service of heavenly mysteries to depict earthly passions. Composers took from the old unaccompanied

polyphony its underlying theoretical structure, harnessed it to the recitative and fixed tonality . . . and ever since have been trying to recover the essential "melos" of the ancients.

For that reason, they have never ceased to praise the art of Palestrina. In his time Vittoria so admired the aging genius that he fashioned his clothes after him. The Venetian choirmaster, Gian Matteo Asola, called him "the ocean to which rivers converge as to a father to find repose in the bosom of his perfection. . . ."

Gluck and Mozart, Brahms and Mendelssohn, Schumann and Liszt (who aspired to be known as the "modern Palestrina"), Beethoven and Debussy testified to Palestrina's greatness. Wagner wrote: "Since the harmonic color of Palestrina's music is not contained in a given space of time, we obtain a time-less, space-less spiritual revelation. . . . It represents the inmost essence of religion free from dogmatic ideas."

What a pity that at a time when the world needs his music so little of it is accessible. Intent on spicier pleasures, distracted by the belching of brass and cannon, we miss the deeper, more abiding joys. No matter that his 800 masses, motets, offertories, psalms, magnificats, madrigals, and litanies are without solos, display pieces, orchestral, or organ accompaniments. Let us hear them. Let us commune with the noblest apostle of Him who said: "Peace I leave with you. My peace . . ." —CARLETON SMITH

# MEET THE BOSS

*A GREAT GUY, THE BOSS, BUT A BIT  
TOO SOFT-HEARTED FOR HIS OWN GOOD*



THE boss used to be a sales clerk himself. When the depression (surely this word covers a multitude of sins, indiscretions and explanations) came, his salary was cut in half. He took two thousand dollars that his wife had saved, borrowed a thousand from a brother-in-law and opened this store. He needed another thousand to keep it running during the first two years. His father-in-law scraped that up literally dollar by dollar to save the investment. Now he has begun to pay back his brother-in-law five dollars a week. His father-in-law? "Hell," he says, "I've been supporting his daughter all these years."

The boss used to take his family to his mother's house every Sunday. "A man should visit his mother weekly," he used to say. They had lunch and supper there, and in the evening his mother would watch the kids while he and his wife went to the movies. Now he has a car and there are so many places he hasn't seen. He'd like to take his mother along on the Sunday excursions but he knows, of course, she really wouldn't enjoy them.

Every Mother's Day the Boss sends his mother a special congratulatory telegram, flowers and a ten-dollar bill. His mother-in-law he sends only a telegram. But he suspects that his wife sends the flowers and the ten-dollar bill.

The Boss has one son aged fourteen. His wife says that the boy is going to be a doctor. The Boss says, "Hell! That kid's gonna step right in beside me and lift the business burdens off the old man's shoulders. Education is all right I guess but I only had two years of high school and I'm not doing so bad. The school of experience."

In the store the Boss is monarch of all he surveys. He caresses each piece of merchandise. He says yes Sir and yes Madam to all the customers. He fired a clerk once who had an unfortunate habit of omitting that address. The Boss never mixes up sizes, never mislays bills and never avoidably loses a sale. But the clerk does. The Boss never errs in buying a pattern or a style. That portion of the stock which is dormant is a result of the customers' stupidity. If his choices

are not coincident with their selections it's because that style is "way over their heads. The people don't know what style is." The Boss thinks that R. H. Macy & Co. is the greatest miracle of creation and evolution since the Beginning. Some day, he says, he's going to be as big as they are.

The Boss fired his latest clerk because he was with him so long, the clerk thought he owned the place. The clerk said "*Our* business is good" or "*We* haven't received that yet." Besides the Boss didn't like the clerk's expression when he asked the clerk to mop the floor. And besides he suspected the clerk of stealing. He knew he must be stealing because the clerk was married and had two kids. The Boss couldn't see how they all lived on the salary he gave the clerk.

The Boss is very soft-hearted. Once he fainted when he saw a dog run over. When he was revived he declared that the driver ought to be lynched. He also thinks that all "Reds should be lynched or sent back where they came from."

The Boss has fifty shares of bank stock. He never fails to mention his "investments" to kindred business men. He watches the market closely every day. He likes to get together with men who "really know something" and discuss stocks. The Boss says if he had some ready cash, he'd buy heavy because the market's going to go up. When his stock dropped a half-point the other day he wanted to

sell at once, but his wife wouldn't give him the key to the vault where the stock lay. His stock has gone up a point since then and he says the market is good for a long steady pull.

The Boss also bets on horses. He says it's the Sport of Kings. The bookie he bets with has his headquarters in a corner barroom. The Boss knows the records of all the jockeys and the horses. He generally bets a dollar a day. He says he's "way ahead of the game."

The Boss is not so certain of his politics these days. Time was when a Democrat was a Democrat and a Republican was a Republican. Now you can't tell the difference and a lot of them are Reds anyway. The way they pamper Labor! He says, "nobody believes more than I do in higher wages. But you can't give Labor the upper hand. They'll be wanting to run your business soon. I'd like to see any damn union come and tell me what to do." He's deathly afraid he's going to see that.

The Boss says the country would be all right if they let business alone. "Who made this country?" he says "Big Business." He's appalled at the relief costs.

Only one thing really disturbs the intellectual equanimity of the Boss. He can't understand the "Gold Standard" discussions or the intricacies of our monetary system. He almost confessed as much. When that subject arises, he is for the once blessedly silent.

—HARRY KARETZKY

# CHIEF JOSEPH'S ANABASIS

ONE OF THE GREATEST STRATEGIC RETREATS IN  
HISTORY WAS THAT OF THE WILY NEZ PERCE TRIBE



WHEN in 1805 the explorers Lewis and Clark made their historic expedition to the headwaters of the Missouri River, and thence to the mouth of the Columbia, they were impressed by the friendship, generosity and intelligence of one tribe of Indians who helped them on the journey westward. These redmen, located in the region between the Cascade and Bitter Root ranges of the Rockies, were by French traders named the Nez Percés, or "pierced noses," because an occasional member of the tribe would wear a shell ornament in his nose.

From this unusual tribe stemmed Chief Joseph, who was in 1877 to lead his people in a masterly retreat across fourteen hundred miles of mountains, fighting regular army troops as he went. When in the third century B. C. the Greek general Xenophon commanded the retreat of a body of mercenaries through hostile Asia Minor, he became celebrated, partly through his own story in the *Anabasis*, as a great military leader. Chief Joseph's people had no written records and his story never became a schoolroom

classic, as did the *Anabasis*. However, when the complete history of the red race is written one day, Joseph's retreat will be recorded as perhaps the greatest military feat ever performed by the American Indian.

★ ★ ★

Joseph was born in the winter of 1840 in the Wallowa Valley in what is today eastern Oregon. He was the son of Old Joseph, who was a chief of the Nez Perce Indians.

When he was fifteen his people, as well as their neighbors the Cayuse, the Walla-Walla, the Yakima and other tribes, were persuaded to make a treaty with the United States, ceding certain choice lands to the white men. Gold had been discovered in the region and a steady stream of wagon-trains was crossing the Rockies. For giving up their land from the Blue Mountains to the Bitter Root Mountains and for agreeing to go upon a reservation, the Nez Percés were assured they would, henceforth, never be disturbed again, "while the sun shone or the water ran."

One gold strike after another was reported and prospectors and miners

poured into the Nez Perce country. In the summer of 1861 nearly ten thousand white men roamed freely on lands which the United States had faithfully promised the Nez Percés for their own. Now the very friendliness of the Nez Perce seemed to work against them, for their protests went unheeded; perhaps they were even considered too meek to fight.

Then, in 1873, Old Joseph died and his son Joseph, his namesake, became leader of the Nez Percés of the Wallowa Valley.

\* \* \*

When the white agent came to persuade him to leave the valley which he considered his ancestral home, Chief Joseph opposed him adamantly. General O. O. Howard, Civil War veteran and Indian fighter, withal a fair-minded man, was placed in command of the military department in this region. Joseph was told to come peaceably to Lapwai and settle on the reservation, or to suffer himself and his people to be placed there by force. In the end, chiefly through Joseph's desire for conciliation, the Nez Percés left their beloved Wallowa and began the march to Lapwai. Chief Joseph himself would never settle there.

Several of Joseph's young men—perhaps goaded by the memory of recent killings by white settlers—began the Nez Perce war of 1877. As the main group of Indian men, women and children with their ponies, cattle and baggage moved slowly toward

Lapwai, three braves ruthlessly killed several settlers on the Salmon River. Returning to the camp, they boastfully declared that they had begun the war with the white men, that war which Chief Joseph and other leaders had talked down in their councils.

When the news of the maraudings got to General Howard the die was cast. Then it was up to Joseph, as the leader, to marshal his seven hundred men, women and children and to save them if he could. Up to this time he had never fought in a battle and had not even engaged in a fight against the Blackfeet Indians, hereditary enemies of the Nez Percés. The circumstances of the year would bring out his latent talents as a general and a tactician.

For the moment, Joseph's course was uncertain. Chief Sitting Bull of the Sioux was in Canada, whence he had escaped after the victory over Custer in the Little Big Horn country; the Nez Percés might go north and join him. Or they might avoid the white men for the time being until the recent outbreak had been forgotten and then sue for peace.

Meantime, General Howard sent out Colonel Perry with two cavalry companies; a number of citizen volunteers joined them later. The soldiers, informed that the Nez Percés were in White Bird Canyon, were confident that these Indians, who had never before fought troops, would fly before them. But Chief Joseph, who was at this moment waiting for his

wife to give birth to a child, saw them coming and made his plans. No general ever laid out a battle plan more carefully: White Bird with his band was to flank the oncoming troops, while Joseph himself waited for the advance behind a natural barricade of rocks. If the battle turned against them one part of the band was to cross the Salmon River with the women, children, baggage and supplies, while the rest of the group fought a rear-guard action.

So confident was Colonel Perry the morning of June 17, 1877 that the Nez Perce would not fight that he provided no troops as a reserve to support his advance line. Furthermore, he did not even order the men to dismount so as to provide a minimum of target for the enemy. No sooner had the soldiers espied the Indians than they charged. Wisely arranged in an irregular skirmish line the Nez Perces, excellent riflemen, waited. At a signal they began to fire and each shot found its mark. Now the cavalymen dismounted, but White Bird had begun his flanking movement and every time the troops advanced the Nez Perce poured in a deadly fusillade. Further details only emphasize the brilliant tactics of Chief Joseph in his first pitched battle. While thirty-four white men fell dead in the canyon and the rest retreated from the ambushade, fighting courageously, the chief's wife gave birth to a daughter.

\* \* \*

General Howard now gathered

troops and prepared to follow Joseph; he also planned to send troops far ahead to close Joseph's avenues of escape. When Joseph crossed the Salmon River, Howard followed him. Craftily then, Joseph drew Howard deep into the mountains beyond the Salmon River. Then quickly he doubled back, re-crossed the river some distance north and encamped between Howard and his base of supplies. Howard marveled how the Indians had managed to cross a rapidly flowing stream with their women, children, ponies, cattle and supplies when they owned neither rafts nor boats.

Suddenly the general realized he was facing an enemy disciplined to scatter, to run to cover, to reassemble without disbanding, to complete flanking movements and to obey the orders of a brilliant chieftain. The general advanced cautiously although he had under him nearly six hundred regular troops, almost double the number of fighting men under Joseph.

On July 11, Howard located the Nez Perces encamped on the Clearwater River and attacked. Once again Joseph demonstrated his military genius. Perhaps for the first time in the history of the continent American Indians fought from entrenchments. At command they charged and attacked positions held by the soldiers; they even repulsed bayonet charges. And Joseph turned Howard's attack into an offensive of his own, successfully driving the soldiers back and sending his warriors to flank the general's left.

Before the afternoon was over the soldiers were almost in a besieged position. A military supply train, coming from Lapwai, now offered unexpected reinforcements and with this help the Indians were forced back. Nevertheless, they retreated in orderly fashion. Howard could claim the victory but he knew well enough that he had been outmaneuvered by the war-chief of the Nez Perces.

As they turned up the Lolo Trail the Nez Perces, at Joseph's insistence, asked Howard for terms of surrender. But the general offered no more than the prospect of a trial before a military court. The Nez Perces reflected and saw nothing but the promise of a firing squad; then to the "Old Woman's Country," they decided. Sitting Bull had found refuge in Canada, which Victoria, the "Old Woman," ruled and where the redmen were left in peace. . . . Chief Joseph's fourteen-hundred-mile anabasis had begun.

\* \* \*

As soon as it was clear that Joseph was bound for the border Howard laid plans to head him off. Sitting Bull had caused the United States government enough embarrassment by apparently thriving under Canadian rule and refusing to come back. Meanwhile Howard followed the Lolo Trail, which has been called by scouts one of the worst trails in the West. Through timber, over the ridges, he marched his men till they were saddle-sore and their ponies hobbled.

From the East came troops under

General Gibbon, another Civil War hero, to block Joseph's path. Gibbon at once sent a detachment to barricade the trail and trap the Nez Perces. But Joseph outwitted the troops and led his people around the flank of the barricade. Now Joseph moved into the Bitter Root Valley. He was taking a roundabout but comparatively safe route to Canada. The Indians did not harm the settlers in the valley; they made a truce with them and marched through.

At dawn on the morning of the 9th of August Gibbon attacked the Nez Perce camp on the Big Hole River: this time Joseph had literally been caught napping. At the first charge the Indians were nearly panicked and their camp was taken. But soon they stormed back. Calmly, the Nez Perce marksmen began to fire. . . . All day the battle raged, till the soldiers finally had to take the defensive themselves. Joseph had again snatched victory from the white men. The second night, as the soldiers rested, the Nez Perces quietly stole away. Gibbon had lost more men than Joseph: fifty-three of the Nez Perce dead were women and children.

Almost in despair, Howard made new plans to catch the fox. On August 19, he was encamped at Camas Meadows, still watching Joseph from afar. But now Joseph suddenly sent back a band of braves to raid Howard's mule herd and pack horses. They ambushed three cavalry companies and then escaped without loss.

By this time Howard had a solid respect for his opponent.

Joseph's people marched through Tacher Pass into Yellowstone National Park, perhaps the most desolate tourists ever to enter this scenic region. Crossing the park area a party of the more bitter Nez Perces went marauding, burning bridges and attacking settlers. When they came out into the country of the Crow Indians they met a new disappointment. They had hoped to get new allies among the Crows; but the Crows, too, had been friendly to the white men—and preferred to remain friendly.

On the trail again: Now Colonel Sturgis blocked Joseph. The wily Nez Perce chief lured him south and then darted through an unguarded pass out into Clark's Fork Valley. Dismayed, Howard now wrote to Colonel Nelson A. Miles, who was in northeast Montana, and asked Miles to act quickly and intercept Joseph before he reached Canada.

At Canyon Creek Sturgis was again on Joseph's heels and the Nez Perces again eluded him, although Joseph's people were now reduced to five hundred, of whom only two hundred were warriors. They were heading north toward the Missouri River, on which Colonel Miles was waiting—but Joseph could not have known that.

Through the Big Snowy Mountains, then past the Moccasin Mountains, Joseph led his tribe. The Nez Perce skirmished when they encountered small detachments, but Joseph was

wasting little time in stopping to fight. He was heading north at a more rapid pace than he had advanced before. The Nez Perces crossed the Missouri.

Colonel Miles crossed the river on a steamer and cut northwest along the *eastern* slope of the Little Rockies to head Joseph off before the Nez Perces struck the border—and safety in the "Old Woman's Country." The Indians under Joseph moved along the *western* slope of the Little Rockies. They thought the chase was over, for they had learned that Howard had apparently given up.

Although it was only late September extremely cold weather came. Joseph camped on Snake Creek. He felt he was safe at last. The border was only forty miles away and Howard was at least six days' journey behind him. Joseph could not know that on the other side of the mountains white soldiers were marching to snare him. Besides he relaxed his vigil and did not send out his usual scouts: a fatal error.

At any rate, Miles crept up on Joseph, divided his forces to stampede the Nez Perce ponies and to surround the camp, and ordered the cavalry to charge. Indian rifle fire mowed down the soldiers. But the pony herd was driven off and the soldiers closed in on all sides. However, Joseph's position was sound and he held out, driving off the attackers.

At last Miles decided to besiege. Snow fell, then the temperature

dropped below freezing. The soldiers trained a twelve-pounder on the Indian camp. . . . Without their ponies the Nez Perces were in a hopeless predicament. Even if they eluded Miles now, how far could they go on foot? Their food was low, many of the most undaunted braves were dead. Miles and Joseph parleyed.

At their second conference Miles promised to send the Nez Perces back to their homes. Joseph accepted. On October 5, General Howard, who had purposely lagged on the trail to make Joseph think the chase was over, came up in time to witness the surrender. White Bird, whose people had committed the depredations that had caused this war, escaped to Canada with a small band. Joseph, too, might have escaped. But he was the war-chief. His anabasis was ended.

\* \* \*

Miles did not keep his word; Generals Sheridan and Sherman, his superiors, were likewise responsible for the violation of the promise to send the Nez Perces home. Joseph and his people were taken to Missouri, not to Idaho. To do justice to Miles, the colonel later proved Joseph's champion. Even Sherman thought the Nez Perces had displayed "a courage and skill that elicited universal praise." Under Joseph, the Nez Perces had traveled a total of 1800 miles in their 110 days of flight, 1400 miles of which had been a steady retreat. Even Xenophon could not compare with the Indian's record; in guerrilla war-

fare Chief Joseph had proven himself an able general.

Deprived of lands, guns and horses, the Nez Perces were taken to Bismarck, North Dakota. Then the next summer to Baxter Springs, Kansas and finally to the Indian Territory—from the beautiful Wallowa Valley to the oppressive heat of Oklahoma.

The chief yearned to return to Wallowa or to the Bitter Root Valley, and Miles, promoted to a generalship, tried to help. Even White Bird was allowed to go back to Lapwai. But Joseph was, after seven years in Oklahoma, only permitted to go to northeastern Washington. In June, 1885, he came to Colville and took up his residence there on the bank of the Nespelem River. There he lived for a dozen years, ruling his tribe in peace.

In 1890 he made a trip to the Umatilla Reservation, but he was not allowed to go to Lapwai or to enter Wallowa. Like other chiefs in captivity he was taken east, to Washington, to New York. Still Joseph tried to return to the valley where his ancestors lay buried.

Finally in 1900, in the company of an Indian agent, he did visit his old home, but he was never allowed to take his people there. On September 21, 1904 he fell dead at Colville. The finest qualities of his race had been displayed in Chief Joseph's character and behavior. Few men, whether white or red, ever owned cleaner hands and a cleaner heart.

— PHILIP PAUL DANIELS



COURTESY FREDERICK KEPPEL, NEW YORK

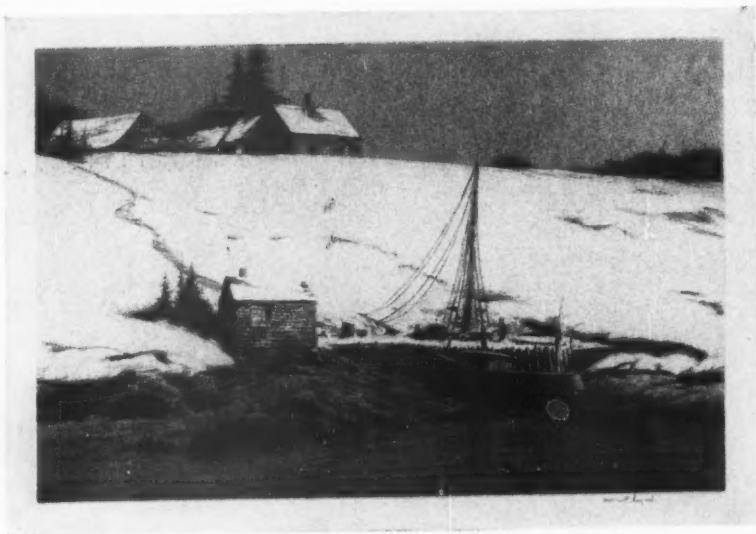
#### SIX ETCHINGS BY KERR EBY

Every man comes home to that which he loves best. For Kerr Eby, home is the New England which inspired this group of snow-mantled winter scenes. He didn't exactly go through fire and water to get there but, both before and after he made his first big splash in art circles with a series of war drawings, he did reside in or visit such out-of-the-way places as Japan, southern France, Algiers, and wherever the A.E.F. took him. Above is *North Country*.

DECEMBER, 1938



NEW ENGLAND WINTER



HATCHET COVE

CORONET



GOIN' HOME

DECEMBER, 1938



DRIFTWAY EVENING

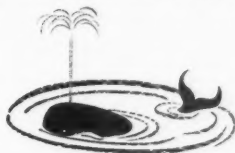


STILL HOLLOW

CORONET

# HE PLAYED JONAH

AN ACCOUNT OF THE RE-ENACTMENT IN MODERN  
TIMES OF THE MIRACLE OF THE BIBLICAL STORY



THEN the men feared the Lord exceedingly; and offered a sacrifice unto the Lord, and made vows. Now the Lord had prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah. And Jonah was in the belly of the fish three days and three nights . . . And the Lord spake unto the fish, and it vomited out Jonah upon the dry land."

So reads one of the best known tales in the King James version of the Bible. The "great fish" that swallowed Jonah is referred to more specifically in Matthew 12:40 of the same Bible as a "whale."

Those who are prone to take their Bible literally have found this story a source of great embarrassment, and have offered up any number of apologies. But oddly enough, the account of Jonah and the whale has more basis for physical truth than many of the other miracles related in the Good Book.

Any old salt will tell you, between puffs of his aged briar, that countless seafaring souls have been gulped down entire by sperm whales. Thus we have settled one vital point—that certain species of whale can swallow

human beings and that it was very possible for Jonah to have been so treated.

Now, in defense of the ancient Biblical character, I wish to repeat a saga of the high seas, a narrative without precedence even in the elastic annals of ocean-lore, the tale of a modern Jonah, of an Englishman who was actually swallowed by a whale, who existed in the mammal's stomach over twenty-four hours—and who lived to tell his story!

Only two sources exist for this amazing adventure. It was first obtained from the logs and records by M. de Parville, brilliant scientific editor of the *Journal des Debats*, who, writing from the original manuscripts, and from personal investigation, published his version in 1914.

The account of the English sailor who so sensationally resided inside a whale was then repeated, at great length, by Sir Francis Fox, a thorough gentleman, who in 1924 buried his version in a book of memoirs entitled *Sixty-Three Years of Engineering, Scientific, and Social Work*.

From these two records, I should like to reconstruct the bizarre inci-

dent, sometimes so strange in its tone that it appears like a fiction out of Poe.

It was during February of the year 1891 that the lookout on the ship, *Star of the East*, plowing through the waters off the Falkland Islands, sighted an immense sperm whale in the distance—a creature almost eighty feet long and weighing a ton per foot.

Two small rowboats were promptly launched on their dangerous errand. Remember, this was almost a half-century ago. The sailors in those bobbing rowboats were out to battle the sperm with no more than a wooden-shafted harpoon eight feet long.

The rowboats closed in on the whale, and when the first was but four yards from the monster, the harpooner whipped forward his muscular right arm, catapulting the spear straight forward, planting it neatly into the blubbery sea-giant.

The whale felt pain even as a human being. It rolled, twisted, and suddenly, with terrifying swiftness, lashed out with its fanning tail.

The impact of the tail caught the second rowboat, lifted it high in the air and dropped it topsy-turvy into the churning water. But the whale, having displayed its one sign of fight, was mortally wounded, and consequently, immediately killed.

Members of the first rowboat pulled over to rescue the crew of their companion craft, who were clinging to the remains in the water. The rescue having been accomplished, roll was called.

One of their number, the crew testified, they had seen drowned, but—there was another missing, a young English sailor named James Bartley. What had happened to him? No one knew. Somehow, he seemed to have disappeared during the accident. The ship's officer stoically jotted Bartley's name on a slip, and scrawled after it, "Drowned," and let the matter rest at that. After all, there was work to be done with the dead whale.

After several hours, the bulky animal was tied alongside the ship, and toiling with spade and axe, the crew removed the blubber. This job occupied the men through all the day and on past midnight. Their required labor completed, the members of the crew went below, slept the sleep of the weary on until early morning, when they rose and returned to the task at hand.

The sailors busied themselves with getting tackle attached to the whale's stomach and derricking it up onto the deck. For an hour maybe the men sat around the huge stomach, smoking and chatting, when of a sudden a miracle occurred. It would be best to allow M. de Parville to continue from here:

"Suddenly the sailors were startled by something in the stomach which gave spasmodic signs of life. Inside was found the missing sailor, James Bartley, doubled up and unconscious. He was placed on deck and treated to a bath of sea water which soon revived him, but his mind was not clear

and he was placed in the captain's quarters where he stayed for two weeks, a raving lunatic."

The ship's captain and the first officer gave poor Bartley the best of everything available—from sleeping quarters to food and medicine. For three weeks the Englishman suffered wild spells of nervousness and fits of crying and incoherent mumblings. At the end of that time he showed signs of recovery, and in the fourth week he was well and insisted on resuming his duties about the vessel.

M. de Parville has left us a graphic chronicle of Bartley's horrible experience, as reported to have been told to the ship's captain. Bartley said he remembered his boat being smashed by the whale's tail, and recalled next that he was "encompassed by great darkness, and he felt that he was slipping along a smooth passage that seemed to move and carry him forward. His hands came in contact with a yielding, slimy substance, which seemed to shrink from his touch. He could easily breathe, but the heat was terrible. It seemed to open the pores of his skin and draw out his vitality. The next he remembered he was in the captain's cabin."

Since the heat of the whale's blood was 104.6 degrees Fahrenheit normally, it must have been considerably more when it swallowed Bartley, and though its stomach was literally a cavern, this burning temperature combined with the strong gastric juices, and the powerful contraction and ex-

pansion of the inners, all should have proved fatal to the Englishman. Yet he was saved, as it were, from the grave. Authorities have mentioned many reasons for his miraculous survival. First of all, Bartley immediately became unconscious, which prevented suffocation from fright or intensive suffering from the gastric juices. Secondly, crew members of *Star of the East* claimed he owed his life to the fact that he was, when discovered, near the whale's throat, and further that the whale met its death so rapidly, and cooled off so quickly.

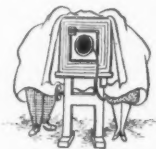
Bartley showed only one visible sign of his experience. The skin of his face and neck, and of his hands, was bleached to the whiteness of flour, resulting of course from the action of the potent gastric juices.

Of Bartley's later career, nothing is known. Whether anything else of note ever happened to him is unimportant. He lived his entire life in that single day and night during February of 1891.

And so, on the basis of the James Bartley story, the Biblical paragraph relating to Jonah may well have been founded on truth. That Jonah could have been swallowed, there is no question. That he might have existed inside the "great fish" and been disgorged alive is highly probable. But, that he could have lived inside the mammal for three days and three nights, well, dear reader, that is where veracity stops and the work of the Lord begins! —IRVING WALLACE

# PHOTOGRAPHS BY VANDAMM

A NOTE ON, AND A CAPSULE GALLERY FROM,  
TWO EXTREMELY THEATRICAL PHOTOGRAPHERS



THE fact that the Vandamms have been in business together since 1918 isn't really the beginning of their story. To get a head start on the whole works you have to go back to 1908, and to London. In that year and place, Florence Vandamm, an English lady of Dutch lineage, set herself up in a photographic studio.

In 1917 she met George Robert Thomas, an American who knew a lot about aviation and engineering but didn't know a thing about photography. They were married the following year. Tommy's entry into photography was the result of a certain circumstance—and a joke. Florence was in a maternity hospital—that was the circumstance. There was nobody to take care of the studio, so Tommy offered to go over and handle the cameras. That was the joke. His wife laughed and told him to go ahead.

Tommy had tried his talents at a lot of things. Photography turned out to be his forte.

So the Vandamm Studio became the joint endeavor of husband and wife. In those days they did the kind of work for the English *Vogue*

that Steichen was doing for the American *Vanity Fair*. They were doing well—until a depression hit Albion in 1922. Vandamm Studio packed up and came to America. They got their first foothold when the Theatre Guild asked them a question they were delighted to answer in the vehement affirmative: Would they like to be official photographers to the Theatre Guild?

That Guild job determined their course. They became the photographic historians of Broadway. They brought to the job the immense enthusiasm for the theatre that is indispensable to any official photographer to Thespis. The Vandamm collection of theatrical photographs is the best history of the New York theatre of the past fifteen years.

Their color work is only a recent accomplishment. Just how profoundly they believe in the idea that color is the photography of the future can be detected on the four following pages. Two examples of their black and white work top off this group of "photographs by Vandamm."

—SIDNEY CARROLL



MAURICE EVANS IN *HAMLET*

DECEMBER, 1938



KATHARINE CORNELL IN *CANDIDA*

CORONET



LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI

DECEMBER, 1938



LYNN FONTANNE IN *THE SEA GULL*

CORONET



GEORGE M. COHAN IN *AH, WILDERNESS!*

DECEMBER, 1938



PHILIP MERIVALE IN *VALLEY FORGE*

CORONET



## RAYMOND LOEWY

*WHO PUTS A LOT OF THE INDUSTRY INTO INDUSTRIAL DESIGN*

IN 1937, an estimated \$300,000,000 worth of merchandise was streamlined at Raymond Loewy's design—everything from aspirin boxes to railroad trains and ocean liners. Born in France, Loewy at 15 won a trophy for designing a toy airplane, came to the U. S. as protégé of the great Steinmetz. His first job—as window dresser for a Fifth Avenue shop—ended when he carefully tossed an ermine wrap on

the floor to achieve a casual effect. Today he has branches in London and Chicago and a staff of 50, including several streamlined secretaries. After working his aides all night, he is likely to send for champagne at dawn to cheer them. Loewy smokes 80 cigarettes a day, likes nothing so much as he hates the Bahai Temple at Wilmette, Illinois; he considers it the world's outstanding architectural outrage.

DECEMBER, 1938



## LOUIS J. LARSEN

WHO TRIMS HIS SAIL  
TO THE FICKLE WIND  
OF A MACHINE AGE

WITH the rise of power-driven boats, sailmakers have been slowly pressed in the vice of unemployment. Until the war there still were enough commercial clippers to make it worth while, but now Louis J. Larsen is one of the few left who makes sails exclusively. The Larsens have been cutting ship canvases since 1800. In 21 years, Mr. Larsen has turned out 20,000 sails, all of them for yachts. He outfitted Henry Ford's *Sialia*. Yacht sheets cost around \$1,800, and from May to July is the sailmaking period, for tycoons are readying their craft for summer sailing. Larsen's men turn out about 800 sails a year—a fair volume. They start as apprentices, serve a four-year period. Only a few have been to sea. Larsen is 55, Danish by birth, has two sons and four yachts. One son is working for him now, and the other soon will be, which makes nine consecutive generations of sailmaking Larsens.

## AL POMERANTZ

*WHO IS UNEQUALED  
AT SUBTRACTING THE  
BONES FROM A SHAD*

It's difficult to be unique in New York—but there is only one professional shad boner. Mr. Al Pomerantz, of the Hygrade Fish Company, is living proof of Emerson's adage about the better mousetrap maker. Other fish stores, hotels and restaurants engage him when they want to do something special during the shad season, because his touch is masterful, incomparable. When working, Al uses only three tools—a scissors for the large surgical cuts, tweezers for the removal of spinal columns and elusive little rib bones, and a knife for all-around dirty work. A fish comes to Al possessed of all its physical features. When it leaves him it has been decapitated, drawn, quartered—and its entrails have been mysteriously spirited away. His average is 65 fish a day. His record was 6,500 fish in 100 days. He doesn't care for shad so much himself. "Give me a good aged steak," he says.



DECEMBER, 1938



## RAWLAND COLE

*WHO OPERATES A VEST-POCKET BANK IN A RESTAURANT CORNER*

**D**ID you ever find yourself stranded after banking hours with a check in your pocket and no cash? If you were in Los Angeles you'd go to the P. E. Buffet any time until 2 a.m. Rawland Cole, who operates his unusual business from a cage in his father's restaurant, has cashed more than a million dollars' worth of checks per month for ten years—more business than is done by many small banks. His

profit is in the small service fee. For checks up to \$50, 11c is deducted—an extra nickel assessed for each additional \$25. Since he averages 15,000 checks a month, it's a tidy business for a chap still in his twenties. Deduct one-fourth of 1% for bad checks (average loss) and bank charges for handling his active account, take out rent, insurance and wages for two assistants—and Cole still clears \$14,000 a year.



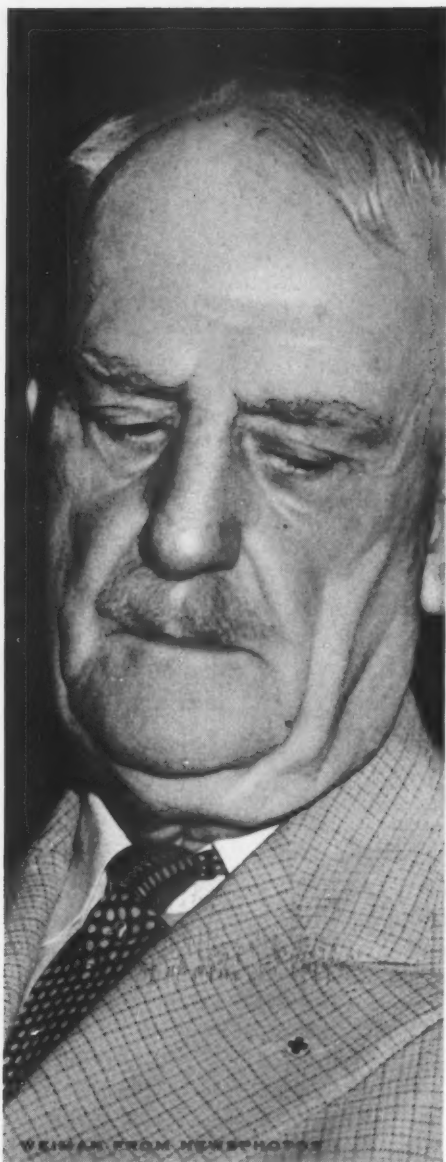
## MARIA V. LEAVITT

WHO EDITS THE PHILANTHROPY OF BOOK-WEALTHY INDIVIDUALS

THE most onerous duties of scholars and diplomats meet in the job of Maria V. Leavitt, official looker-in-the-mouth of gift horses for the New York Public Library. Miss Leavitt yearly examines about 50,000 books, 100,000 pamphlets and floods of maps, prints, manuscripts and photographs offered the Library. She performs the delicate task of rejecting those which cannot be used. Donors range from

such celebrities as Lincoln Ellsworth, the Prince of Monaco and Prince Youssef Kamal of Cairo, to average citizens. In private life Miss Leavitt, who has worked for the Library 41 years, beginning as a cataloguer, collects books on the Southwest, accounts of the Spanish discoveries and exploration in America, etchings and water-colors. She is a "down Easter" of Bangor, Maine, from 'way back.

DECEMBER, 1938



## FRANK VIZETELLY

OF WHOM NO ONE COULD  
MAKE THE STATEMENT  
THAT WORDS FAIL HIM

THE man with the reputation of having the largest vocabulary of all time is Francis Horace "Frank" Vizetelly, who has 200,000 words at his tongue's tip. The average knows 10,000 words, professional men twice that, while Shakespeare used only about 25,000. Whenever there is a word controversy, Dr. Vizetelly is asked to umpire. Pronunciation difficulties seem greatest. Radio announcers, in a sweat before broadcasts, regularly telephone him for advice on pronunciation, the last one checking on "lingerie." Vizetelly has coined words, including *myobist*, made up from the initials of "Mind Your Own Business." Born in England 74 years ago, for his first eleven years he was unable to read because of an eye affliction. After schooling in England and France, he came to America at 27, joined Funk & Wagnalls at \$12 a week, has edited the New Standard Dictionary since 1913.

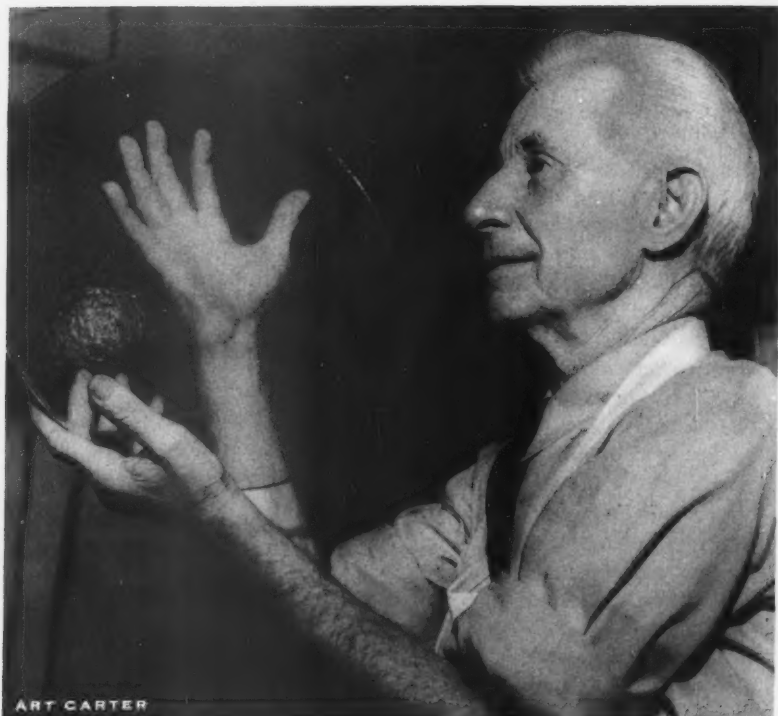
## HIRAM MANN

WHO HAS CONDUCTED A  
PRIVATE CRUSADE FOR  
THE LAST TWO DECADES

FOR the past 22 years mysterious ads have appeared several times weekly in personal columns of the *New York Times* and *Herald Tribune*. They read something like this: "Americans! Awake! Restore Navyites back pay!" "Navyites swindle still a blot on America's escutcheon! Americans! Awake!" All are signed by George Hiram Mann, who is trying to force the government to pay money promised navy yard workers 65 years ago for overtime work. The government never really paid off, according to Mann, although there was some sort of settlement made in 1935. There were about 10,000 workers originally; about a dozen are alive today. In 1915 the Navyites asked Mann, a lawyer, to represent them. He has received no money, instead has spent about \$15,000 of his own funds advertising the case against Uncle Sam. Asked why he persists, Mann replies: "Call it the folly of an old man who doesn't know when to quit."



DECEMBER, 1938



## JOHN C. CHALMERS

*WHOSE REMARKABLE SYNTHETIC GLASS BITES BUT NEVER STINGS*

A BOTTLE crashes through a plate glass window, hits the hero on the head, shatters into a million pieces. You grip the arms of your chair and cringe in sympathy. Heroes would cringe, too, if it weren't for John C. Chalmers. Formerly a plumber, he has been making "breakaway glass" out of candy since 1921. He happened upon his formula after installing plumbing in a candy factory, where he learned

a few tricks. With his wife he experimented with candy glass which splinters harmlessly at the touch. Wallace Reid was hit with Chalmers' first bottle, and the product has been in demand at all Hollywood studios since. He makes window glass for autos, watches, thermometers and dishes. In his sixties, Chalmers alone knows the formula for the edible glass; he can scarcely fill orders quickly enough.

# CHRONICLER OF OUR TIMES

IN THE HANDS OF BERENICE ABBOTT THE CAMERA  
IS AN INSTRUMENT OF SOCIAL DOCUMENTATION



MISS ABBOTT is a Currier & Ives in modern dress. She photographs cities and social expressions. She makes her lens click "the past as it joggles the present."

For almost ten years, now, she has been climbing up girders and worming down manholes to catch New York off guard. Many of the things she has taken no longer exist, many have changed in meaning and function. Her subjects are cells in a growing social tissue.

She calls her work "documentary." It is a way of writing history.

From the Spuyten Duyvell to the Kill van Kull, her catholic lens has swept the city. It imprisoned the modern scene for all time—Bowery bums of the 1930's, Broadway canyons, Victorian fronts, wrought-iron facades,

the automats, and signs saying "Jesus Saves."

She grabbed the social system by the horns and pushed its nose against her lens.

Her pictures are rich in texture, detail, and meaning. Some sing of the beauty of modern architecture... some of naïve grandeur, some are ironic indictments of the age—billboards selling sex, charity, and political nonsense; broken people in the shadow of garish wealth; slums

among skyscrapers. Taken collectively, they are a conscious criticism of life. No art for art's sake. No asking "Is this great art?" "Should it hang in the Metropolitan?" Nothing more than straight shooting, hard and clear.

"As far as I am concerned," said



PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLOTTE POST

*Berenice Abbott*



#### 113 DIVISION STREET

Miss Abbott has a weakness for things unexpected and unique. This shot is an example of the material she is constantly uncovering in her photo-archeological work—material which makes the study of cities an absorbing and lasting job, as well as a notably constructive one.



### HORSE FOUNTAIN, LINCOLN SQUARE

Miss Abbott considers this picture typical of her work. Although not as cold and sharp as most of her other things, it has to a pronounced degree the pleasantness of abstract design, while holding at the same time to the realities of everyday, city-street subject matter.

Miss Abbott, "photography means documentation . . . and always will."

★ ★ ★

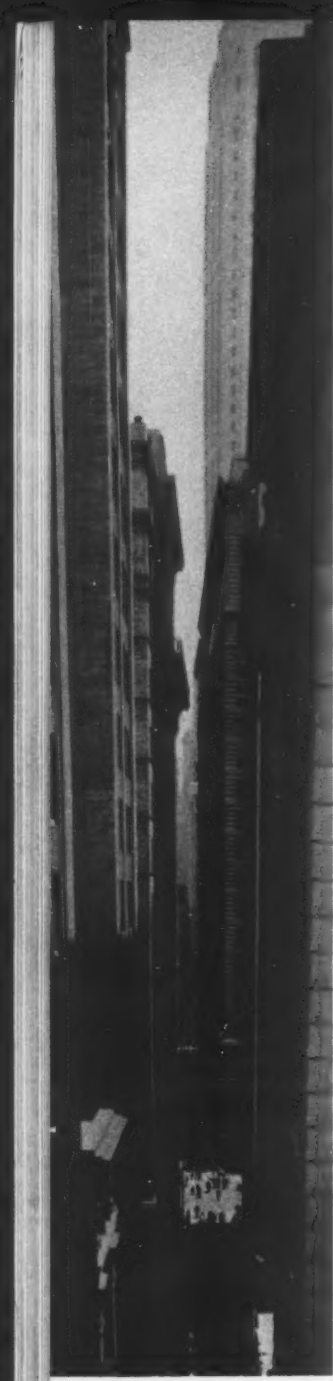
The history of an attitude is important. Unfortunately, Miss Abbott won't say much. When you ask about background and development, her answer is, "I was just a crazy American kid who didn't know what it was all about. So I went to Paris and had a hard time."

But this much is newsprint: She was born in Springfield, Ohio, in

1898, graduated from the Cleveland High School, started in at Ohio State College, spent three years in New York studying sculpture.

Like many Americans of the post-war period, she had a burning urge to come of age on Montparnasse.

Strongly determined and not overpractical, she plunged across the ocean. She arrived in Paris with three dollars and no French. "I had nothing to lose," she claims. "But don't think I didn't have a hell of a time."



By 1922 she was studying sculpture in Berlin. She had virtually given up eating. She stayed in bed to keep warm.

She kept after her sculpture for a reasonable time and broke a great deal of stone. But eventually enthusiasm wore down. Sculpture was a limited medium; and chiseling of no great social significance.

This decided, she invested her last marks in a ticket to Paris, stuck a statue under her arm and set off for greener fields.

In Paris, Miss Abbott began her second phase—a phase for which there is no particular name, but which takes in things symbolized by Gertrude Stein, James Joyce, Cocteau, and magazines that give up capitals.

It was a phase in which creative people turned nameless things out into a surrealist world. It was a little Dada. It was a little gaga.

Man Ray, who was later to make pictures by dumping his medicine chest on sensitized paper, needed an assistant.

"My last assistant," he said, "knew too much. He got in my way. I am looking for a man who doesn't know anything."

Anyone who has seen the abstractions Man Ray turned out in recent years will consider this obvious.

Miss Abbott had never laid eyes on a camera. She had no mechanical sense, and she thought an iris was a flower. She was perfect.

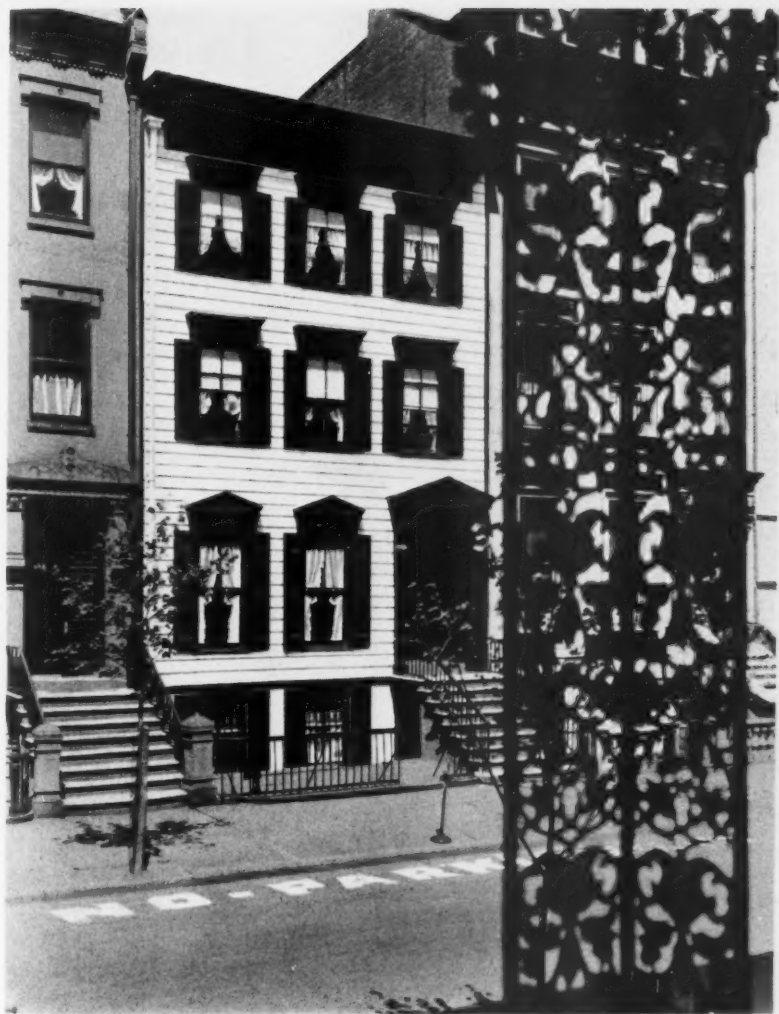
She said, "Why not take me?"

"I wasn't worried about the art," said Miss Abbott, "I needed a job."

Man Ray agreed. He took her on, but locked her

#### EXCHANGE PLACE

An attempt to capture the spirit and light and movement of the much-discussed "canyons of New York."



COURTESY FEDERAL ART PROJECT

### WILLOW STREET

This is an excellent example of Miss Abbott's sense of design, combined with a determined regard for definition and texture. The lines of the buildings are needle sharp, but the grillwork has been deliberately softened to avoid distracting attention from the main subject.

DECEMBER, 1938



### EUGENE ATGET

In Paris, Miss Abbott had long been fond of old man Atget, himself a pioneer photographer. One day she asked him to come to her place to pose for this portrait. When she next went to see him, he was dead, and his plates had been conscientiously cleared away as rubbish.



#### ADVERTISEMENTS: 1937

Here is an excellent illustration of Miss Abbott's method. The scene is completely commonplace, completely New York. Yet it is a significant study of "sex, charity, pseudo-economics and pseudo-hygiene." It constitutes a frank and valid piece of social documentation.

up in the dark room, far from lights and camera. She learned technical things, worked hard, built up ideas.

Soon, during her lunch hour, she was pressing a few bulbs herself. She got friends to come and sit, people like Antheil, Joyce, and Cocteau.

"My first pictures were pretty bad," she admits. "Bad technically, underexposed. I didn't think much about technique, but fortunately the French didn't either. That made it almost even."

As time passed, she took more and more pictures on her own. Her work improved. She began to be known. Then one day she decided on a flyer. She marched out, rented a studio at 18 Rue Servandoni, broke with Man Ray.

This was in 1923.

Once on her own, her name spread. Celebrities and expatriates called and sat. Gide came . . . and Barbusse, Paul Morand, Tardieu, André Siegfried,



COURTESY FEDERAL ART PROJECT

### FULTON STREET DOCK

Miss Abbott's documentary work uncovers phases of New York life that even New Yorkers know little about. This is a daily scene, where the fishing schooners come in. Visible behind the docks is a zone of slums fringed by the spires of the richest financial district in the world.

Marie Laurencin, Jules Romains.  
Fame lit its first candle.

★ ★ ★

In 1926 an Abbott one-man show was held at the *Galerie Sacré du Printemps*. Cocteau wrote an introduction. He compared Miss Abbott to birds, empresses, and chess boards. The Paris press opened up. *L'Art Vivant*, bordering closely on ecstasy, called her picture of Cocteau's hands . . . "hands purified as those of St. John."

Then she found Atget. No one else had heard of him.

Atget was an obscure old actor, always on the verge of starvation. Wandering through the streets of Paris with his camera, he made a lasting photographic record of the Paris of his time.

Whenever she had money, Miss Abbott would buy some of Atget's pictures. One day she asked him to pose for a portrait. Atget agreed.



#### WEST VIRGINIAN

Here is another phase of Berenice Abbott's work, far removed from Manhattan. "You can see what life's done to this woman," said Miss Abbott with a deep understanding of this economic outcast. Unfortunately, the woman did not have such a deep understanding of Miss Abbott.

DECEMBER, 1938

Slowly he dragged himself up to her studio. A few weeks later he was dead.

"I went over to find him," said Miss Abbott. "The concierge told me he was dead. I said, 'My God, what has happened to all his pictures?'"

The concierge didn't know much. A lot of plates had been swept out as old glass. But there was a friend. The friend had buried Atget and taken what was left.

He had looked on the negatives as so much junk. But now a rich American wanted them. That was quite different.

He talked in war debt figures. Miss Abbott said: "I loved Atget."

The French are a civilized people. When this friend realized she loved Atget, he came to a quick decision. She might as well have them as anyone else. In fact she *could* have them . . . for a reasonable monetary consideration.

Six months went into cleaning the negatives, sorting and printing. Then an exhibition was arranged. Overnight Atget climbed into history. Today the record links him with the Civil War Brady—fathers of news photography, pioneers on documents.

★ ★ ★

The Atget incident is a clue to wellsprings in Miss Abbott. It hits deep, dark, Freudian things.

The first is this: Like Proust, she is inseparably linked with the past. She lives with obsessing memories of streets and buildings, old scenes and places.

She has nostalgias recurrent as hay-fever.

She calls this quality "an instinctive feeling about cities." But the roots go deeper and hide under this easier symbolism.

"I have always had this 'instinctive feeling' about cities," she claims. "Years after I left Columbus and Springfield I had a terrible longing to see such and such a street . . . to see this place or that place. Sometimes I feel that way now about Berlin . . ."

The fact that Atget recaptured the past, fixed it as a permanent image, awakened long latent yearnings. It suggested a form for the nebulous threads of her own life.

But a second element enters: a warm openness toward the old, the helpless, the people stepped on by life. Her friend, Elizabeth MacCauley, claims that "Every once in a while Berenice finds some lame dog she must look after. Then it takes ten people to look after her."

In 1926 it was Atget. Today it's an old, ex-bomb-throwing Bulgarian anarchist.

The combination of the two qualities built a background for her social pattern. They define her drives.

★ ★ ★

In 1929, the old nostalgia welled up like a panic. She had to come home.

Arriving in New York she said: "My God, even the slush is beautiful."

This was to be a six-weeks' visit. But the city gripped her. She had a



#### WEST STREET

Miss Abbott frets at the limitations of present-day equipment. She points out here that, by shooting at a speed slow enough for good exposure, it was not possible to stop motion in the car; and even at that, the light was not sufficient to give detail in the shadow blocks.

burning desire to come back and go to work on "this great uncrystallized city, the truest phenomenon of the 20th century."

"I had been a little afraid of America," said Miss Abbott, "and this going to Europe was running away. But for some people it was a godsend. If there was anything 'there,' this would bring it out. For me it was a godsend . . . As soon as I saw New York, I knew what I wanted to do."

She decided to close her Paris studio and begin life over again in New York. It was a hard job. Her friends said she was crazy.

In another month the market plummeted, and potential art patrons dived off the wonderful new skyscrapers.

It was an off season on bright ideas.

Miss Abbott grimly set about her project single-handed and without funds. She had to teach herself the technique of panoramic photography.



### TRINITY CHURCHYARD

A documentary study of this real estate anomaly in the heart of New York's financial district. Here is another example of Miss Abbott's ability to find significance in everyday scenes, and yet, beyond this, the form content easily enables the picture to stand on its own feet.

She had to learn to shoot for fleeting moments, like a news cameraman. Most of all, she had to invest in costly equipment.

Not content with the texture and detail of small negatives, she worked with 8 x 10 view cameras. Lenses were costly; many were needed—wide-angle for the sweep of buildings and crowds, telephotos for distance work.

Day after day she would hoist this poundage and stalk through the city.

She became a better municipal authority than the Department of Plants and Structures.

She caught the city at work, at play, at sleep. She resurrected the past, outlined the future. She found form in forgotten cornices, hidden facades. She brought selective vision to overgrown areas. She made you realize, all of a sudden, like Molière's character, that you were speaking prose all your life . . . and never knew it.

Soon these pictures became known. There was a showing at the Julian Levy Gallery in 1932, and a full one-man show at the Museum of the City of New York the season of 1934-35.

But the project of photographing changing New York is broad and complex. It calls for financial support for expensive equipment and day-to-day materials. It calls for dark room help, research, clerical and portage assistance.

The Federal Art Project came to her help in September, 1935. It provided funds and personnel "to preserve for the future an accurate and faithful chronicle in photographs of the changing aspects of the world's greatest metropolis. . . ."

Today, using her austere and efficient studio as headquarters, she divides her time between the Project and lectures at the New School for Social Research.

\* \* \*

Miss Abbott has always wrestled with equipment. The first problems were cost. Every cent she made, in the earlier days, went toward a new lens . . . "and to pay a man to lug my heavy equipment around."

The second ran into what she calls her "technological frustration." "Cameras are primitive today. There is no excuse for their primitiveness. There is not one good camera.

"We need a thousand times more speed," she claims. "We need more swing in the front of the bellows to correct distortion on the broad sweeps.

"Suppose," she says, "you want to take something for a stairway or height. No tripod will swing low enough. Most won't swing high enough. They aren't flexible and they all shake."

She is constantly trying to do things that a camera won't do . . . particularly to stop motion on a large plate in poor light, and at the same time retain sharpness far into the background. She is uncompromising on "definition," and on texture of materials.

"There are lots of things I could have taken in the last five years, if I only had had better cameras. . . . Look at these problems. . . ."

"You want to get a crowd of people really protesting something. If you try to get the expressions on their faces, you are stuck. Of course you can get the first few rows . . . but no sweep.

"You want to take a bunch of colored people in a dark corner. . . ."

"You want to take a subway rush at 5 o'clock, at 150th of a second—which you need to stop motion—what can you do? You have to open your lens up to f 3.5 and sacrifice detail in the background. The only thing sharp will be your first three rows. . . ."

"Suppose you want to catch a seething mass of people from a bus top. . . ."

At this point, Miss MacCausland interrupted.

"Perhaps," she said, "you had better go back to drawing."

—ROBERT W. MARKS

## CHAMPION AS AUTHOR

*THE LITERARY CRITICS FELT HE HAD SOMETHING  
ON THE BALL BUT FOUND IT WAS ONLY ENGLISH*



EVERYONE who knew Jerry Johnson as a boy down in El Paso called him "The Icicle." This was just a little unfair; after all you cannot be yanked from school at fourteen and forced to go to work to support your mother without rapidly acquiring a poise and a knowledge of life beyond your years.

For several years Mrs. Johnson took in sewing while Jerry was a bellboy at the Paso del Norte, until one day the good-hearted manager realizing the lad needed outdoor work got him in as helper to the groundsman at the El Paso Country Club. There he learned the foundations of the sport which carried him to international fame; even then his aptitude for tennis was such that at odd moments he was able to get on the court and exchange balls with the sons of the members. For twenty-five cents an hour.

Throughout his career the balance and coolness of this country boy who became a national hero was an enormous asset. He knew what he wanted and how to get it, he planned his life according to schedule, seeing from the start the gold in the sporting hills.

Most of us plan our lives but that's all. Jerry never missed the bus.

His remark to Wessel when the great promoter made him an offer to turn professional was typical of the Icicle. He had just won his first national title when Wessel, lunching him at the Algonquin, shoved a certified check for \$50,000 across the table. An offer of this size would have worried some players, but not the Icicle.

"No thanks, Wessel. I'd rather wait. Figure I'll be worth more next summer after I've made the team and bring home the Davis Cup."

Coming from a thin, lanky lad who had six dollars and ninety cents cash to buy food on the train back to El Paso, this was funny. But the Icicle knew what he wanted.

He didn't bring home the Cup that summer. No fault of his, however, for he defeated Marcel Dupont and André Van Zuylen, the brilliant young Frenchmen, without the loss of a set in singles. Meanwhile during the summer his articles began to appear in a hundred and forty newspapers throughout the country, and were syndicated by National Features, Inc.

His early training made him enough of a business man to fall into modern writing methods without any twisting of his conscience. Bob Murphy, a desk man attached to National Features, Inc., prepared the series and showed them to the Icicle, who was grand about it. Some champions insist on seeing what they have written, but the Icicle knew when to say yes.

Eventually came the break with Bob Murphy. Toward the end of a hot August afternoon at Seabright, he was sitting wet and exhausted, when he heard a voice over the lockers laughing at his article in the *Mail*. He grabbed a copy of the paper to see what he really had written, then flushing, went to the telephone.

Unfortunately it was a bad afternoon to tackle poor Bob, who twice that day had been called down by his managing editor. He was therefore in a testy mood when the Icicle in his superior manner began questioning him.

"Aw, hell, Jerry . . . aw what the hell . . . if you don't like it . . . well, why not get someone else . . . or look here . . . why don't you do the stuff yourself?"

There was a silence. Then the Icicle's voice, never colder.

"A good idea. I will."

At first even the Wimbledon and American champion was a little staggered by his temerity, but he had the good sense to realize that genius must go it alone, that real talent cannot be hampered by the suggestions and as-

sistance of others. He had something to say and felt competent to say it, not newspaper work anyone could turn out, but something big, worthwhile. When, therefore, he walked into the publishing house of Sherrington Fuller he had none of the diffidence common to most claimants for the time of that distinguished gentleman.

"I had in mind a book. I'm Jerry Johnson, the national tennis champion."

Patiently the Icicle explained. At length. Every champion writes a book on sport, anyone can do that. His was to be about sport, indirectly, yes, but deeper. He wished to explore the soul of the champion, to show the underlying psychology of international competition. Maybe Mr. Fuller had seen his work in the magazines? Yes . . . no . . . yes . . . well, what he wanted to do had never before been attempted; to explain the real philosophy of the champion, his conception of life, his . . . his . . .

Mr. Fuller grasped the idea instantly. "Yes I see, a novel. H'm quite int'resting." Hastily he did some figures in his head. Sporting champion . . . well known name . . . publicity value . . . six times four . . . good for our list.

An hour later the Icicle walked out with a check for two thousand dollars in one pocket and a signed contract in the other.

He didn't know it but he was the only author who ever got the best of Sherrington Fuller at their first meeting.

The whole matter vanished from the head of that worthy, only to be brought to his attention on a spring afternoon eight months later when an office conference was called to discuss what one member of the firm called that "damn tennis champion's thing." The thing, an apt description, had floated into the office without warning a week previously, recalling to Mr. Fuller his rasher moments, and had been read, not entirely without amusement, by the staff. Like its author it was a remarkable work. Called *I Am*, it was as unusual as its title. There was no plot, no form, no structure of any sort; it was simply what the Icicle thought about life.

In short, it was individual. Distinctive like the Icicle. Of course no one could ever publish such a thing. Of course. Everyone agreed on that. Oh, certainly. But two thousand dollars gone west. That two thousand advance must be saved somehow. Only Frances could do it. The head of the firm pressed a button beside his desk. "Call Miss Manning, please."

She came into the conference, young, pretty, smart, as confident and sure of herself as the Icicle on the center court at Forest Hills. In a second she had sized up the situation. Another nasty job for her, she concluded.

It was Frances Manning, the publicity representative of Sherrington Fuller, Inc., and Bernard Fonblanque, the literary critic, who made the Icicle's book. Bernard, as you know, is

the literary critic of the *New Statesman*. Somehow Frances Manning managed to communicate to him some of her enthusiasm for the Icicle's work, she gave him in some mysterious way the feel of the thing, her vision and her faith communicated itself to his quick and lively perception; here at last, she showed him, was something new and different, something as American as a cigar store Indian, a book which borrowed nothing from older lands.

Bernard, reading it late at night in bed, began hesitantly, for he had lost the flame of the girl's fine-edged enthusiasm. But soon he too was afire with the genius of the thing. By gad, Frances was right. At last . . . at last the United States had produced literature. No, LITERATURE. He finished it at three a.m. and when he woke the next morning was still aquiver with the excitement of the thing. He saw himself . . . Bernard Fonblanque . . . Bernard Fonblanque, the man who discovered Icicle Johnson.

When it finally appeared, his own review of the book in the *New Statesman* rocked Manhattan. Fonblanque praising a new author! When he said it showed more promise than anyone since Faulkner, that it was as American as a cigar store Indian, borrowing nothing from older forms of older lands, there was a stir in writing circles.

Lunching the next day at the Coffee House he sat next to Charlie Towne who drew him out about the book. Charlie walking uptown met O.O. McIntyre with the result that the

latter's column the following morning remarked: "Young Icicle Johnson's new book is the sensation of literary New York. Note that Johnson comes from Tucson, Arizona, another instance of the small town boy making good in the metropolis. After all, what is Manhattan but an overgrown town?"

Soon the Icicle and his success were the talk of Manhattan. Macy re-ordered three times within the week. Overnight *I Am* was the sole topic of conversation at cocktail parties in New York and badminton parties at Westport. One writer called it "making literary history in America," another said it was "the book of the epoch."

The unanimity of different sections of the book world was amazing; highbrow and lowbrow alike agreed it was a *tour de force*. Gertrude Stein—or was it Alice B. Toklas—said it would be read long after Hemingway was forgotten. Walter Winchell remarked in his column: "... the Barbara Suttons have phfft . . . he was a phoney . . . young Icicle Johnson the tennis champ was once a bellhop in the Hotel Paso del Norte in El Paso . . . now he lives there in the largest suite . . ." Hugh Walpole on a lecture tour of this country was most enthusiastic, and graciously permitted his name to be used in the blurbs. Through it all Sherrington Fuller remained modestly reserved under the flood of notices that came to him; even at his club he held up quietly as congratulations poured on him from everyone. "Yes. I knew we

had hold of something there from the very start," he said.

Instead of falling off, sales continued all winter. No cheap effects, no appearances before the women's clubs, no lecturing; the Icicle even refused to sign books in the department stores. In mid-winter to the surprise of many, with the exception of Bernard Fonblanque, literary critic of the *New Statesman* and the man who discovered Icicle Johnson, the latter was called to New York where at a big dinner he was presented with the Pulitzer Prize. Nicholas Murray Butler, who presided, made a magnificent speech linking his triumph with that of the Columbia football eleven which had gone to the Rose Bowl that year and defeated Southern California 68-0, ending his talk with a passionate appeal for free trade, a close co-operation between the two great English-speaking peoples, and a wider conception of the beauty of our modern life.

Did this spoil the Icicle? Not in the least. Why should it; he had the stuff and knew it, his success did not go to his head—he was made of the stuff of genius—no false modesty, no silly affectations about his accomplishment. Nor did it hurt his tennis either. He worked on his second book in the morning when he was fresh, trained in the afternoon, with the result that he was ready for the toughest challenge. Sales kept up surprisingly all spring and continued as the Icicle went abroad to win the British and French titles without the loss of a set.

His second work appeared the week before the Nationals in September. All America awaited it with excitement, advance sales were enormous, and a huge hit was generally predicted. To everyone's surprise it was a flop. Of all the reviewers, only Bernard Fonblanque—he had left the *New Statesman* and was the principal man on books for National Features, Inc.—was favorable.

The rest were frankly disappointed, one or two were bitter, several even cruel. His first work, everyone agreed, had been merely a flash in the pan. He was an athlete, not a writer. Mistakes of punctuation, of grammar, of syntax, were pointed out on every side, one columnist said it was so bad it might have been written by a college graduate. Johnson was a false alarm. He was a joke as an author. Impossible to take such a man seriously. *Grandpa & Grandma*, instead of heading the best seller lists from the start, fell rapidly away. In fact after publication it didn't sell at all.

Up in the new offices of Sherrington Fuller, Inc., a conference between the party of the first part and the party of the second part was going on. The party of the second part had some months previously disbursed a check for ten thousand dollars to the party of the first part, and had printed three large editions of the new book. Also Miss Frances Manning was no longer with the firm. He saw he was going to be stuck.

"What on earth did you do to those

reviewers? There must be some reason to have them change suddenly like this . . . you must have done something."

The Icicle shook his head. "Not a thing. We're all the best of friends. Only last week the whole bunch came out to West Side for lunch . . . we had a grand time."

"Wait a minute. You didn't play any tennis with them did you?"

"Well no, you'd hardly call it that. Later in the afternoon I did show them a few things, took on one or two of them."

"Who? Smith of the *Herald*? You did? Beat him?"

"Beat him? Had hard work giving him a point. He can't hit a ball on his backhand."

"How 'bout Thompson of the *Times*?"

"He ought to stick to ping-pong . . . took him four love sets."

"And Davis . . . and Morgan . . . and Smith . . ."

"Oh, I beat 'em all. Easily. They weren't any of them any good. Funny thing Mr. Fuller, they all think they're good . . ."

"So you trimmed them all. You beat every book critic in New York love sets. They were all there?"

"Why yes, why not . . ."

Sherrington Fuller's face got purple where his collar touched his neck. He rarely indulged in slang but the moment unnerved him. He leaned over his desk toward the champion. "You sap," he said. —JOHN R. TUNIS

## COME ON, SOMEBODY!

A THOROUGHBRED BY ANOTHER NAME WOULD RUN  
AS FAST, BUT YOU CAN'T JUST CALL HIM DOBBIN



LET THE subject of nomenclature bob up in any given group, male, female, or mixed, and you will find a deplorably thoughtless tendency to award first prize to that mythical genius who is popularly, though erroneously, supposed to confer those startling and often inept names upon Pullman cars.

Now the truth of the matter is that anyone who would hang such a name as "Petunia" on an inoffensive Pullman car deserves no more credit for ingenuity than a fellow who thinks the matter over for two weeks and then calls his dog "Rover."

If you will but consider the problems which beset those unfortunate members of the upper income tax brackets who number among their exemption items strings of expensive race horses, you will realize that even King Solomon, who couldn't possibly have named the offspring of all his various wives "Junior," had nothing on them.

It is true that at first glance you will find nothing particularly difficult about choosing a name for a race horse or, for that matter, names

for race horses. It seems a simple matter to call a horse "Dobbin" or "Prince" and let it go at that, but it is something else again when the horse is a race horse with a pedigree longer than your own. Then his name must meet the approval of the Jockey Club before he is permitted to go out and do his share toward improving the breed of the American thoroughbred and, incidentally, try to win enough to pay for the oats he consumes.

There is the catch, that matter of the approval of the Jockey Club, for every race horse, before he races must be registered, and the Jockey Club officials cast a critical eye over the name of a horse before they will approve it for registration. In the headquarters of the club at 250 Park Avenue, New York City, row upon row of filing cabinets line the walls, and in them are cards containing the names of nearly 200,000 registered horses.

Once a name has been registered and filed away officially in one of those cabinets, it may not be granted again until fifteen years have elapsed, so that the first problem confront-

ing an owner seeking a name for a juvenile race horse is to find one that is not already inscribed on one of those two hundred thousand cards. He has two hundred thousand strikes on him before he starts, for if he chances, as he very often does, to select one of those names, the application will come bouncing back at him faster than a check in a night club.

An illustration of the startling lack of originality displayed by owners which results in their applications for names being rejected is the persistent desire to name horses "Stream Line." More than sixty applications have been received—and rejected—for the name "Stream Line." They were rejected because back in 1925 some prophetic soul who must have foreseen the trend in motor car design claimed for a colt the name "Stream Line" and was granted the right to its use. That original Stream Line is still living on a Kentucky breeding farm, but even though he had died the day after his name was registered, the name would remain inviolate in the Jockey Club files until 1940.

Because of the likelihood of duplication, it is customary for owners to submit to the Jockey Club five or six names for each colt, listed in the order of their preferment, but even with that precaution, it frequently happens that not one of the five or six meets with the requirements.

If you are a race track habitu , doubtless you have noticed on your program a horse with the unusual

name "Whoami," owned by J. C. Winfrey.

His odd name came as an inspiration after six had been rejected. Winfrey was standing by the door of the colt's stall on his Kentucky breeding farm the day he received notification that none of the half-dozen names he had submitted was acceptable.

Winfrey reflected bitterly that by the time he found a name that would stick, the promising colt would probably have become too infirm from age to race. "I don't know what the hell to name you," he addressed the animal petulantly. "Who are you, anyhow?" Then hastily he filled in another application for the name "Whoami," and this name stuck.

Whichone, the Whitney colt that was the great Gallant Fox's bitter rival a few seasons back, was named as a result of a similar inspiration. Mrs. Whitney was at the track one morning when several unnamed colts were being given their trials. One was fleetier than the others. "Let me see that colt," she directed her foreman. "Which one?" he asked—and the colt had a name.

A glance at any race program will be obvious assurance that most owners indulge in fine flights of fancy when seeking suitable names for their young hopefuls. Such bizarre labels as Ktwo, Xerseise, Roentgenologist, or Ytfin might lead a casual observer to presume that a favored method of naming horses is to dip a spoon into a bowl of

alphabet soup and name the horse what comes out. Still, there will often be a story behind the most inexplicable names. Thus in the case of Ytfin, A. A. Baroni, wishing a name for a brother of his horse Nifty, of which he had been extremely fond, reversed the spelling of Nifty's name and evolved Ytfin.

Many owners of extensive stables prefer to name their colts the hard way. As though it were not difficult enough to find names with 200,000 already used up, such a large scale breeder as Kentucky's Colonel Edward Riley Bradley, called "One-two Ed" because of a proclivity of his horses to finish one-two in the Kentucky Derby, chooses for his colts and fillies only names beginning with the letter "B."

Thus his Derby winners have been Behave Yourself, in 1921, with Black Servant running second in the same race, Bubbling Over in 1926, with Bagenbaggage finishing just behind him, Burgoo King in 1932, and Broker's Tip in 1933. Burgoo King, incidentally, was named after a member of the Colonel's stable staff who was known far and wide for his ability to concoct a savory Kentucky dish known as "burgoo."

Leo J. Marks is another prominent turfman who insists that each member of his LeMar Stock Farm Stable bear a name beginning with his own initial "M."

Of the dozens carrying his colors are such performers as Muggins,

Merely, Myhouse, My Kin, Mannerly, Mymilss (say that quickly) and Mottled.

Willis Sharpe Kilmer prefers to immortalize his great Sun Briar, sire of Sun Beau, largest money winner of all time, by giving all his offspring names with the prefix "Sun," such as Sun Apollo, Sun Asia, Sun Edwin, and the like. There were sixty horses racing in 1934 whose names bore that prefix, and it is a tribute to Mr. Kilmer's skill as a breeder that fifty-three were money winners.

Considerable pride of achievement is evident in the names that Alderman John J. (Bathhouse) Coughlin selected for some of the notable members of his string. The alderman, with a laudable desire to commemorate certain civic improvements which he and his colleagues helped to bring about in his native Chicago, named one of his horses Wacker Drive and another Outer Harbor.

There was a day, in the turf's spotted past, when there was no watchful Jockey Club functioning, and in those days when a man wanted to name a race horse his only limit was his imagination. Old-timers will recall the popularity at the Guttenberg track of Boyle's Bottled Beer, a popularity engendered largely by the consistent success of a horse of the same name. It was no coincidence that the owner and sole proprietor of the beverage was also the owner and sole proprietor of the horse, and his happy inspiration in conjunction with

the horse's fortuitous propensity for winning at profitable odds resulted in a gratifying stimulation of sales at the bar.

In those days there was also a horse named Man O'War, years before the great one of our time. However, there will never be another, for among the hard and fast rules of the Jockey Club is one prohibiting the appropriation of the name of any horse which has won for itself a well defined place in the turf's hall of fame. Thus the names of Sysonby, Roseben, Exterminator and a few others cannot be claimed even after the prescribed fifteen years have elapsed.

It is easy to understand, with the dearth of suitable names, why owners of yearling thoroughbreds will go for a stage or screen celebrity. Although in naming a horse after a person, it is necessary to submit with the application that person's written consent, eager owners find the average celebrity a veritable pushover. His vanity is fed by the very idea of having a real, sure enough race horse named after him.

There are, however, canny celebrities sufficiently alert to see the other side of the picture.

In striking contrast to this alertness is the lack of it displayed by platinum-voiced Ted Husing, whose dulcet tones come to you over the network of the Columbia Broadcasting System. A friend prevailed upon Husing to permit him to name one of his colts Ted Husing, and when the young racer

finally made its debut, it proved to be one of the most consistent losers on the American turf. The amount of "sentimental" bets Husing lost on his namesake, if totaled up, would sound like the cost of a new scheme devised by a Brain Trust professor, and the ironical part of it all was that when the colt, after a disheartening string of failures, finally did win a race at 30 to 1, Husing had long since given up all sentiment concerning the animal, and didn't have a dime on it.

Strangely enough, it has become an axiom of the turf that horses named for famous persons invariably turn out to be hopeless flops. If I were laying odds on the outcome of a race the length of a football field between that old Galloping Ghost, Red Grange, and the horse they named after him, I would give you all the five to one you would take that the Galloping Ghost would trounce his equine namesake by a couple of lengths, and it is a matter of cold fact that the horse they named after Paavo Nurmi, the great Finnish runner, couldn't beat an Elk running for the beer keg.

When you realize the difficulties that beset a horse owner who finds March first and a \$50 penalty closing in on him, and still no name in sight for his yearlings, you might wonder why he doesn't give the whole thing up as a bad job, and call them Number One, Number Two, Number Three and so on. But the Jockey Club won't stand for that, either.

—LEWIS Y. HAGY



## CORONET

for  
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1938

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